

seem to have minded Hitler's rage over Niemöller in 1937, when the Führer ordered that this recalcitrant clergyman should be sent to a concentration camp and never again released. Only when he found bookshelves in Papen's office were Herbert von Bose had been murdered on June 30, 1934, did Speer admit that room in future: "It concerned me no further." Since then he has accepted twenty years imprisonment as fitting penance.

It is interesting to find that Speer's account of Hitler and his Nazis, although he should in those days have seen them at their best, is odious and nothing else; they turn out to have been vulgar, corrupt, coarse, and cruel. They nearly always behaved disgracefully to one another. Their jokes were always at someone else's expense, or at the expense of decent behaviour. Gilding as described by Speer seems even more grotesque, Goebbels even more ruthless, than one had believed possible. Speer disliked Hermann Göring from the beginning; Papen is not in evidence. The one irreproachable character is the unfortunate Eva Braun, who appears on the scene as Hitler's mistress earlier than has been generally supposed. Speer also liked Funk and the unhappy wife of Goebbels; later, he found Seyss-Inquart agreeable.

Speers' description of Adolf Hitler himself is probably the most accurate there will be; here and there it is possibly too indulgent, implying that the Führer did not wish "the worst." It reveals nothing unexpected but substantiates what was known. Hitler was without human warmth or compassion; Speer does not feel that even his attachment to Eva Braun had any depth. Again and again the narrative shows that Hitler lacked humour as he lacked humanity; he could laugh till he cried at a nasty practical joke—at the expense of his one-time friend Hanfstaengl, for instance. This unfortunate man was told that he would be deposited in Republican Spain after an aeroplane to which he had been ordered had taken off. After long delay in the air he was brought home.

Speer himself aroused in Hitler a certain excitement on account of his technical accomplishment in the architectural glorification of the Führer and his power. Speer always indicates Hitler's taste as rather like that of Wilhelm II—in whose reign, though not under his rule, Hitler grew up. The new Reich Chancellery built by Speer was to have dimensions deliberately intended to intimidate foreign diplomats and minor potentates: it was completed in wild haste between January, 1938, and January, 1939. The vast fortress at the centre of Berlin with which Speer was to have followed this up was to be more extensive than the

Champs-Élysées and to dwarf the whole of history. At its crest an eagle was to grasp the globe in its claws. Only with the greatest reluctance did Hitler allow the world war he launched to cheat him of this monument to his own hubris.

Defenders of Hitler have liked to claim that his more wicked plans were only evolved with the deterioration of his health from about 1938 onwards. About this Speer's opinion is in any way suspect. Hitler's health already began to break down in 1935, he writes, but Speer is convinced that his plans and aims never changed at all, that he always intended to establish a racial hierarchy by barbarous methods. It only became completely clear during the war how little pity he felt for his own nation; the Germans were precious to Hitler only as the instruments of his power. He showed no interest in the housing of the people, only in the building of monstrous monuments to himself. His Gauleiters, as far as they were able, followed his example. Thus work was created in Nazi Germany not only by the manufacture of armaments, but also by the architectural ambitions of the Führer and the Party leaders.

Speer, who was very industrious, was baffled, so long as peace was precariously preserved, by Hitler's laziness. Hitler boasted how he had foisted his bureaucrats by simply not reading the papers they placed on his desk. He said this gave him more time to think. Later, the hard work of the war years further impaired his health. Speer also makes it clear that, despite the occasional magnetic outburst and apart from his genuine though useless interest in architecture, Hitler was in fact a profound bore. This is demonstrated once again by the endlessly brutal assertions, the constant repetitions in inferior films and operettas. It is not without interest that in spite of their special relationship, Speer found nothing better in conversations with Hitler than others have recorded. It is clear that Speer, who genuinely loved music, felt that Hitler's devotion to Wagner's music and his family was eventually one of his poses; required, as he believed, to bolster his prestige.

Speer emphasizes the extent to which Hitler kept his underlings in separate compartments, uninformed about one another. This made it possible for so many of them to claim that they had not known what was going on. Speer admits that his own reaction to the pogrom of November, 1938, the *Kristallnacht*, was merely that of the cold technician: it disturbed him to see so much disorder.

I did not see that more was broken

than some glass, that on this night Hitler had crossed his fourth Rubicon of the year. . . . Did I for one still moment realize that something had begun that would end with the destruction of a part of our people, something that changed my own moral substance? I do not know.

This was just two months before he completed the Reich Chancellery.

With the outbreak of war the technician's isolation became denied. Even the enthusiastic architect with his respectable background felt convinced that building for public or private glory must be shelved in the interests of the war effort. Far from sharing this attitude, Hitler for a long time had no intention of making any such sacrifice—in this case he seems to have underrated the risk of losing popularity. If this was the Führer's attitude, Göring and the Gauleiters were unlikely to show more public spirit. Speer's evidence here is of extreme historical importance. He makes plain that Hitler whatever Goebbels might announce, did not think in terms of total warfare until very late, and that Hitler had not intended to make war because he did not prepare for an all-out effort. Now Speer's narrative makes it palpably clear that Hitler intended to make war all the time, but that he thought in his dilettante way that a campaign could always be launched ad hoc, like a sudden storm on a stage. This gamble was marvellously successful in France in 1940, but it became more and more disastrous on the Russian front.

Early in 1942 Speer himself—now in charge of buildings for the army and the air force—travelled to Dnepropetrovsk to supervise the repair of railway communications wrecked by snow; he experienced at first hand the appalling difficulties encountered on the *Ostfront* by the ill-prepared German troops. On his way back Speer called for the first time at Hitler's East Prussian headquarters at Rastenburg. He was to have flown on to Berlin with Todt but found himself too tired to do so; as fate would, have it Todt's plane crashed and he was killed. He had been Minister for transport, armaments and munitions; he was not a Party man but a conscientious technician for whom Speer had felt great sympathy. To the fury of Göring, who tried to pounce upon Todt's functions as belonging to the Four-Year Plan, Hitler promptly appointed Speer to succeed Todt in all his activities. Speer protested in vain.

In this case at least Hitler's flair was justified, and Speer will go down in history as the man who succeeded in greatly expanding arms production in wartime Germany in increasingly difficult circumstances.

He himself continued to dream of his future as the conqueror's architect; but in fact his relationship to Hitler now changed and there were signs that the magical relationship would one day become threadbare. Speer had noted the ways of the despot—military style—when the messengers who had brought the news of Hess's defection were arrested. He became more critical of Hitler's methods and attitude, though he personally enjoyed great independence and made the most of it.

The rest of Speer's narrative is grouped around three topics: his attempts to introduce something like a total war effort, the Stauffenberg incident, and the struggle over the "scorched earth" issue. The Nazi Party continued to oppose an all-out war policy and persistently blocked Speer's attempts to mobilize German women in industry; it preferred that foreign slaves should work for German women in their homes as well. On October 13, 1943, Speer, addressing the Gauleiters and other Party leaders, denounced that of the six million Germans still employed in consumer goods, factories, one and a half million should be transferred to armaments and the manufacture of consumer goods apportioned to France. He also had trouble with the Gauleiters when he tried to restore historic churches or easies after air raids, since the Nazi leaders were happy enough to let them go—there would be all the more reason to build their own monuments afterwards. After air attacks Hitler himself always wanted to restore destroyed theatres and believe from Speer that the effect upon morale of neglecting more essential restoration might be worse. One marvels that it took all those years to defeat Hitler.

On July 30, 1944, Speer was invited to lunch at the German War Office in the Bendlerstrasse by General Fromm. He might have witnessed what happened there had he not refused the invitation on account of a meeting with important officials at the Ministry of Propaganda. After the news of the explosion at Rastenburg Goebbels demanded the presence of Speer, possibly to keep an eye on him. Thus Speer was a witness of Goebbels's behaviour on that day and of Himmler's elusiveness about which Goebbels pointedly complained. Speer's position was already so delicate that earlier in the year there had been an attempt to murder him in a hospital under S.S. control. Though not in their confidence, he seemed on good terms with Stumpfegger and his friends and—as Heydrich's successor, Kaltenbrunner, informed him—his hand put down tentatively as their Minister for Armaments. When he went to visit Hitler in East Prussia,

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From the New World

R. K. WEBB: *Modern England*. 662pp. Allen and Unwin. £3 10s. (paperback, 40s.).

Enough has been said to show that in chronicling the facts—and this book is packed with facts—Professor Webb does not flinch from interpretation. Many of his interpretations are brilliant and refreshing, such as the

beginning of state intervention in the 1830s, the Chartists, and the early struggles of the trade unions and the labour movement. These themes occupy far more of Professor Webb's attention than Britain's expansion overseas.

All this might well be the thesis of an English historian. It is the sense of detachment which is implicit in this book that holds such high interest for an English reader, and gives him the feeling of living in a tourist resort while the guide shows the party round. For Professor Webb is extremely well versed, especially in the history of the mid-Victorian age. His footnotes show a very wide range of reading. He knows the country and sympathizes with its inhabitants, past and present. And yet he is a citizen of a different and much larger world. When he says in a footnote on the Corn Laws that "In English usage corn means grain", that is perhaps no more than a trivial symptom. The devoted statement of his utter objectivity is recorded on his first page with what one may suspect was a subtle and

conscious awareness of its significance. "Not even in the mountains of Scotland and Wales will he [the visitor to Britain] see true grandeur." This is no parochial history. Professor Webb gazes at the whole range, not at the upward-winding, travelled path.

What peaks and declivities does he see? A great climb during the years 1815 to 1850, with a plateau of achievement during the decades that followed. To this he devotes a quarter of the whole book, and he gives it a coherence that has never before, perhaps, been imposed on it. Far from being the "Bleak Age" which the Hammonds have successfully evoked, it was a decisive period for British and indeed for world history. Professor Webb sees this achievement primarily in terms of Benthamite ideas and what might be called Plutite politics, and shows how it was conservative rather than Whig reform that laid the foundations for the transformed society of the middle of the nineteenth century. If this book has a hero it is Sir Robert Peel.

The Chartists, with their "hundred hazy visions of a better world", the 1832 Reform Bill, which "took a long step towards substituting individuals for interests as the basis for representation": these are as it were banked for the later account of the erosion of the liberal consensus and the story, a century later, of the pragmatic drift towards "collectivism" which Professor Webb associates especially with the career of Neville Chamberlain. Although he does not hesitate to condemn that Prime Minister's foreign policy, he sees in Chamberlain, rather than in Asquith or Lloyd George, the statesman who came nearest to repeating the pattern of Peel in the domestic field; and the performance is followed by a second plateau of complacent prosperity in the 1950s with Mr. Moonlight almost—though in a different key—emulating the role of Palmerston.

The future, therefore, is full of interest. The early sixties have been a period of sometimes bitter, sometimes perceptive, sometimes merely querulous, self-examination, and self-castigation, at times almost bordering on the morose. . . . This inward look has concentrated on the failures of the British to compete successfully in the modern world; on a incapacity to stick to old ways and old assumptions (at all levels of society) or, alternatively, on the willful refusal to face the facts of Britain's decline and the bleak future she may face without serious effort to escape from the indulgence and hedonism of a people bent on enjoying their prosperity. . . . As for the Commonwealth, "the rapid addition of so many diverse and inexperienced members" has threatened to reduce the Commonwealth to little more than a crime with some doubtfully legitimate emotional connotations attached.

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Language games, squibs and knots peak-in

LAURENCE LERNER. *Selves*. Unnumbered pages. Routledge and Kegan Paul. 21s.

O. M. BLACK. *The Educators*. 59pp. Anthony Howell. Inside the Castle. 59pp. Beirle and Jankins. 16s. each.

Arranged in reverse of their ideal order, the first two sections of Mr. Lerner's new book, *Selves*, reveal an accomplished ordinariness followed by some really extraordinary language games. The third section is an ambitious long poem ("In his old age the Battista, living in his native city of Tangier, dictated, at the command of the sultan of Morocco, an account of all his travels.") for which it is hard to care, though admiration for its painstaking piling-up of detail comes readily enough. Poems in this style nowadays seem to have collective access to an Art

Department that Flecker would have envied. It is the central section of *Selves* that counts for most: fourteen poems, the majority of them with preoccupations about ways of talking. The first of them, "The Mermaid", by concentrating on the depth-structure (no pun intended): it really is a post-Chomsky idea of communication difficulty) of a sea creature's language, manages to add something new to the theme of a landed water-breather. The conceit is worked out at length and with a startling sympathy for the problems of what is only a figment after all, and a dangerously twice one at that.

When humans talk they spit their say in bits
And hit by bit they step on what they feel.
They talk in bits, they never talk in all,
So live in witness swimming they call 'sea'.
And stand on dry and watch the wet waves call

They still call 'sea'.
Only their waves don't call
and messier and more ways to get torn up.

With much public comment now, recent books on English teaching have been pretty predictable, not chance its arm at something repetitive. We have the battle and looking to know rather too well the objects and attitudes for adult for its high production on one hand, seem and con- low cost, but it can't be the standard of the only because it brings a new emphasis. Mr. D. M. Black's subject.

poems in *The Educators*, new emphasis, he it noted: tricky arranged and even Stuart is a Freudian, and it is strictly fillers for significant—to put it politely—that magazines. In *Inside the Castle*, Mr. David Holobasene culture and back, who has been very active in the appeal of a neighbourhood for some years Ransom at his knicker, Mr. Stuart's work is, however, something there are clearly specific, being concerned of talent whenever the differential relationship cloud of an unassimilated teacher and his pupils. This central problem in "English", one that has attracted less attention than it merits. The activities of king, reading and writing are in- personal, and so can only fish within a relatively intimate founship between teacher and I; but will not the necessary in- ment of such a relationship itself alone. Since then he has been a distortion in an implicit accept- of novels, a collection of by pupils of a teacher's own atti- and a second collection of habits of thought? The it *Hummock and after Edith* is real, and in principle in- der *etern Person*. Juggles, Mr. Stuart has at least number of poems he's written for discussion, and that is tributing to magazines, while, even if his own methods of able to look forward to seeing it appear more than a lecture soon. The present odd.

Ulmer Brecht is most they appear nevertheless to have produced with colonial led. The most valuable part of by Peer Wolfman which book undoubtedly consists of the well the playful "primary poems in question.

Up to a point the results are im- pressive and clearly valid: no problem can be solved until it is seen to exist and its true nature recognized, and the development of question-asking techniques is what education is— should he—all about. But before long we find Mr. Stuart not only starting to ask extremely loaded questions, but coming perilously close to dictating answers to them.

This consequence is more or less forced upon him by his close allegiance to Freudian analysis: any verbal slip must be seen as significant, all symbolism must be read or phallic. One cannot but sympathize with the pupil who comments plaintively: "The trouble with these symbols is that there is no check on them. . . . Anything that's longer than it's broad is phallic"—an objection which his teacher by no means meets.

Now no one questions the value of such analysis as a contributing factor to any theory of symbolism. It may indeed be true (in some sense) that a pupil writing, extremely well, on the colour sepia ("the colour of slow stagnant change . . . pools of stagnant rain-water . . . old cantables . . . attics" &c.) is engaged in "an exploration of his [own] face". But the significance of the assertion is as puzzling as its confidence is daunting. Mr. Stuart appears not to have examined the social significance of tahoo as such, nor to have related it to other relevant factors such as expectation and empathy. He has nothing to say about language as a sign-system. Although he stresses in passing the importance of perception and memory, he investigates the psychology of neither, though a fuller understanding of such considerations would both have strengthened his thesis and brought it within bounds. It is precisely the limitations of his theory, the notable lacunas it reveals, and the failure to relate it to other essential aspects of the communi- cative process, which make the latter part of his book a disappointment.

Yet the book remains valuable because it treats of matters all too often ignored. Mr. Stuart has at least realized the importance of psycho- logical considerations, even if his view of them is inadequate. As a writer, he is honest, intelligent, and deeply concerned.

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Raymond Mortimer,
Sunday Times

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Poetry with a human face

RUOLF HAGELSTANGE: *Der Krak in Prag*. 57pp. Hamburg: Holtmann und Compe. DM 6.

REINER KUNZE: *Sansible Wege*. 99pp. Hamburg: Rowohl. DM 10.

PAUL GERHARD HÜBSCH: *mech was du wilst*. 62pp. Neuwied: Luchterhand. DM 6.80.

CHRISTA REINIG: *Schwalbe von Olevano*. PETER O. CHOTJEWITZ: *Ulmer Brechtspiele*. 42pp. each. Stierstedt im Taunus: Eremiten-Pressa. DM 6.80 each.

Rudolf Hagelstange began writing in 1931; he made his name with the sonnet-cycle *Venezianisches Credo* which was printed in Verona and appeared on Hitler's birthday, April 20, 1945—the day on which the Nazi hierarchy held its last full meeting. The underlying theme of this notable opposition work, couched in the most characteristic poetic form of that time, is freedom and human dignity—those very qualities which Russian imperialism has been seeking to suppress in Czechoslovakia. It was perhaps inevitable that Hagelstange would react to the invasion of Czechoslovakia since all his work is informed by his love of freedom and he is at his best as a *Zetichter*. His *Ballade vom verschütteten Leben* was unique in being a long narrative poem on a topical theme, though in this case what the poet believed to be fact turned out to be fiction; this hardly affects the poem, for, as Max Frisch has said, "We [writers] cannot demonstrate the truth, we must invent it", and the only real question is whether Hagelstange could have invented his theme if rumour had not done so for him. His collected poems appeared in 1961 under the title *Lied der Jahre*.

His new poetic work, *Der Krak in Prag*, was written in Milet (Dalmatia), as much humanist ground as Venice itself. Poet and theme are well matched, for if it is anything, humanism is what the Czechs have been and are seeking to defend. *Der Krak in Prag* is, of course, a satire; the subtitle, *Ein Frühlingmärchen*, points straight back to that other satire published by the same house in 1847 and—greatest irony—much admired by Karl Marx: Heine's *Deutschland; Ein Wintermärchen*. But behind Hagelstange's satire, as behind Heine's, lies that other age of political absolutism and consequent satire: the seventeenth century. The allusions to the age of the Thirty Years War which are implicit in the syntax and diction of numerous lines of Hagelstange's poem are appropriate since the "red ogre" was doing in 1968 what the "brown ogre" had done just thirty years before: the last section of chapter two contains a tragic farce allusion to Andreas Gryphius's poem "Tilge den Vater."

landes" on the rape of his hometown not many miles to the north some three hundred years previously.

Der Krak in Prag will be welcomed by admirers of Hagelstange's post-war *Zehlfelungen*, but is unlikely to add to their number, for the formalized treatment—the heroic diction, the no less old-fashioned rhyme-patterns—belongs more to 1945 than to 1969. The rape of Prague is perhaps a theme for a younger and more personally involved poet, a poet like Reiner Kunze.

Reiner Kunze is a new East German poet. Born in 1933, he was forced to abandon an academic career; after an unsettled period, he has lived by his writing since 1962—which cannot have been easy. Last year he was awarded the "Preis für Nachdichtungen" of the Czechoslovak Writers' Union. *Sansible Wege*—published in West Germany—is his first collection. It consists of variations (and there is considerable variety here) on a single theme: the desire for communication. One thinks of Paul Celan's definition of poetry as a message-in-a-bottle. Most of Kunze's messages-in-a-bottle for perhaps Kunze would be the right word) are allegorical, consisting of thinly veiled attacks on the lack of freedom in his country.

Brecht's famous observation that "a conversation about trees is almost a crime because it involves keeping silent about so many misdeeds" also comes to mind, for the word "verschweigen" is a leitmotiv of Kunze's collection. The section "Hunger nach der Welt" shows his longing for a place where it would not be necessary to keep quiet about so much and where normal human communication (compare Brecht's "Freundlichkeit") would be possible, a place to which he clearly considers his wife's native Czechoslovakia to approximate much more closely than his own benighted country. He wants "Welt", a place of golden bridges where the candle of hope burns brightly and where the individual human being can live unoppressed by silence, censorship, and worse. He comes across in these poems as a writer of great courage and sincerity. And although his admiration for Heinrich Mann and Peter Huchel (for instance) is not concealed, he writes in a plain, unadorned style that is very much his own.

Paul-Gerhard Hübsch, editor of the pop-orientated magazine *Idiot* and founder of a beat-group, is a well-known "underground" figure whose poems have appeared in many little magazines and several anthologies in the past few years; *mech was du wilst* is his first collection in book form. Born in 1946, Hübsch belongs to the demo-generation and writes accordingly: for him what matters are the problems of the present and

the art-forms of the present: his work shows little awareness of the past, "bewußt" or otherwise, or of poetry written before his own lifetime. Though he belongs very much to the avant-garde, his work is not really experimental, for he uses a familiar collage-plus-folk-song technique. The obvious poetic influences on his work are Hans Magnus Enzensberger (*unruh was du wilst* is strongly reminiscent of Enzensberger's *verdrängte der welt*), and shares many of the strengths and weaknesses of that collection and recent American poetry, particularly of the "beat generation"; but non-literary influences are also evident—Bob Dylan, the Beatles, Pop art, &c.

Much of his work has political implications, not because he is in any real sense a political poet, but because for his generation as a whole political commitment is as natural as sexual freedom. It would be easy to denounce *mech was du wilst*, but in fact it is not only powerful but surprisingly poetic; it has more character than most first collections. If his book is likely to appeal most strongly to readers of his own age group and to those familiar with the beatnik-folk-world of which he writes, Hübsch is certainly an interesting and disciplined writer whose first book of poems is: ganz hübsch.

The tendency for poetry to appear in inexpensive paperback form continues (of the volumes under review, only Kunze's is in hardback), and new paperback series continue to appear. Most welcome is the new "Bruchschm" series published by Verlag Eremiten-Pressa, each volume being illustrated. The first five include poetry by Christa Reinig and Peter Chotjewitz—both strongly individualistic poets who none the less have not a little in common.

Christa Reinig's work was the subject of a review here on March 20, 1969. To her recent volumes of zodiacal stories and poetic grotesques she has now added a new collection of poems. *Schwalbe von Olevano* contains only twenty-three poems, but in other respects it will not disappoint admirers of her work. Half the new poems are epigrams; the rest vary from plain political allegories to (mostly longer) poems which are densely imaginative. The style varies from robust vernacular to a kind of self-generating rhetoric that is reminiscent of Baroque poetry; the characteristic verbal muscularity and irony are again in evidence. Christa Reinig's poems are often too concentrated and subtle to be immediately striking; they work slowly, and improve with keeping. Though slim, this is a vintage collection.

Peter Chotjewitz's *Ulmer Brechtspiele* is a reprint of his first book of poems, which came out in 1965 in a limited edition and therefore attrac-

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taller and mother preferred word "exceptional". After the instinctive reaction, this did not deny the handicap, but, so was possible, sharing it, search- ing the motive behind the compul- seemingly irrational behaviour for the compensating gifts and res that might—should—must be possessed by a child who was lack- ing hearing (and so speech) and rational intellect. It meant pro- a treasure-house of sensations of taste, smell, touch, in prac- tice it meant running the house as a child (when this book was she was seven) who was elec- energetic, who could be noisy destructive and uncontrollable up, at best, had her own highly ed pattern of behaviour. There ver a hope of gracious living of the phrase is interpreted visually, a good deaf of their

line. Mandy's parents were bruised and breathless and short of sleep.

With what result? There have been two results. With a home whose aim is to "try like mad to maximise what- ever [she] has, which is like fitting a hearing-aid to [her] whole life" and the loving skill and patience of a school for deaf children where she is a day pupil reinforcing each other, Mandy has learnt to recognize and use a number of words, written and spoken. More importantly, she has gained in gregariousness and sociable behaviour—like holding hands or kissing her parents spontaneously. "There is always an advance going on: you change and change and change, outstripping these words even as I set them down", notes her father. For himself and his wife, new dimensions of life have opened as they have approached it from previously undreamed of viewpoints.

Mr. West does not minimize the cost of it all. He does not try to gloss over the thoughts of the future, which cannot always be stilled, or the way in which the "normal" world reacts to the abnormal. Almost the only strangers who took Mandy's sometimes bizarre public behaviour in their stride were those who were themselves deaf. There was one exception. "An oldish man in a very expensive, hand-stitched suit" gave her a friendly pat on the head. He was a paediatrician. But this is a triumphant book. It is an incidental bonus that the author, a visiting Professor of English at Pennsylvania State University, is a poet and novelist.

The Southern Review
OCTOBER 1969

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Commentary

The Principal Documentary Evidence submitted to the National Libraries Committee incorporates the testimony of ten principal library institutions, five government departments, forty-three universities, twenty-two other university institutes, colleges, and schools, fifty-eight committees and other organizations, and twelve industrial concerns, as well as twenty personal statements; it appears in two volumes comprising 721 printed pages and some forty charts, diagrams, and graphs; the page measures 11½ by 8½ in., and a foot-run of shelving the fact is not irrelevant could accommodate seven copies, unbound provided it could sustain a weight of a tonne over 32 lb. avoid trips. The price is £22 10s. (H.M. Stationery Office). For this sum the purchaser will acquire not only the opinions of a great variety of wise and respectable authorities but also such an abundance of egregiously misprints as to cast doubt upon the authenticity of some of the more obscurely expressed passages of the evidence even if they have in fact been accurately printed. For instance, did the U—y of S—e really receive a maverick copy of the Dainton questionnaire in which the words "recorded as efficient" appeared as "recorded as efficient"?

The *Evidence* is of interest not only for what is contained in it but also for what is omitted from it—omitted either because those who made submissions did not want to labour the obvious or because they were not asked the right questions. This is frequently heard criticism of the *Report* is that it looks at libraries as largely through the eyes of the scientists, and shows inadequate understanding of the humanities handles his research in libraries. Now that the *Evidence* is available it can be seen that those who did not explain in full detail how such research is carried on in libraries. Clearly they did not do so because they thought that to give such an explanation to a National Libraries Committee was unnecessary and would be of use. It can now be seen that only one organization (*Evidence*) thought it necessary to point out that the preservation of copies of all books in their original form in a national reference library is an essential requirement for future study of the history of typography, binding, paper-making, ink-production, water-marks and so on, and that in the general absence of such evidence the *Report* was ready to recommend throwing away original copies and replacing them by microfilm. On the other hand there is ample testimony in the *Evidence* to the importance of manuscripts, archives and public records to the work of many scholars so there is little excuse for the way they are virtually ignored in the *Report*. Those who are not chairmen of large commercial enterprises, publishers, or professors of chemistry, economic history, or the history of line art but simply librarians, will willingly acknowledge the magnitude of the Dainton Committee's labours in consulting and assembling so many frequently conflicting opinions on the complex problems they were asked

to solve. At the same time many will retain doubts about the validity of the Committee's assessment and interpretation of some of the evidence before it, and indeed doubts also about its general understanding of what the business of national libraries really is. A perusal of the *Evidence* shows that the most eminent witnesses—including the British Academy and the Royal Society—support the concept of a unified or, at least, interdependent body of knowledge which it is the duty of libraries to organize, make available, and produce, and from which no part can be detached without some degree of damage to the whole; a perusal of the *Report* on the other hand suggests that the Committee's over-riding concept is rather of a vast expanse of information from which it is the duty of librarians to subsume portions as the customer or his computer can identify as meeting his requirements. The difference in approach, nicely pointed up by Professor George Whalley of Ontario in one of the statements appended to the evidence of the British Museum's Trustees, is crucial, and from it and from the neglect of such evidence flow the two most controversial and dangerous of the Committee's recommendations.

The first is the recommendation that the National Reference Library of Science and Invention be detached from the British Museum Library and administered as a separate unit within a national libraries system. This is a matter about which the Trustees, to judge from their evidence, are particularly sensitive, for it is not to be supposed that persons of their standing would write without reason and without provocation of "dirt from the blocked drains of the Whitehall ministries" rubbing off on the institution which, they claim, "has been vainly trying to remove the blockage" (*Evidence*—a miserable story of official ineptitude, procrastination, and double-talk of which there is no hint in the two paragraphs deprecatingly headed "Background" in the *Report*. Nor is it clear that the Committee has got its facts altogether right. Was the British Museum "given responsibility" for the Patent Office Library in 1941, as the *Report* states, or was it, as the Trustees state (*Evidence*), made responsible in that year for the NRI? In April, 1966? Does the reader's survey printed as Appendix B of the *Report* refer only to the Holborn Division of the NRI? As stated in its heading, or does it refer to the whole NRI? As is stated in paragraphs 7h and 30a of the *Report* and in the introductory paragraph of that Appendix? Could it indeed possibly be used to give a clear picture of the whole NRI? Since the NRI is still in its infancy as a young concern? Could it, for example, be properly used to establish distinctions between patterns of usage in the British Museum Library and the NRI? Under what particular stones did the Committee look in its search for inter-disciplinary students? On what evidence does the *Report* say that the buy-water collections "consist largely of older material", when four-fifths of their stock was in fact published later than 1950? Why does the *Report* conclude that "the

evidence points to a regional role for the NRI? As far as general scientific reference facilities are concerned, when the *Evidence* shows in detail that it is the "most heavily used science library in the country" and that "the total use of NRI is still less than the Holborn Division" alone? These questions and others demand investigation and must be answered.

The second of the Committee's most dangerous recommendations is that material for which there is a low level of user demand but, as some would say, material which readers do not wish to consult frequently should be sent away to purpose-built "out-houses" (with accommodation for readers as situated that it can, if necessary, be transferred to the "central reference point" within twenty-four hours—a condition which, as the Civil Aviation Division of the Board of Trade will sooner or later point out, might conceivably be more easily met by Anguilla or the Seychelles than by Bodmin, Alibonrough, or Llandrindod Wells. The arguments advanced by the Committee in favour of out-housing are wholly based on financial considerations. Purpose-built library accommodation in central London, the *Report* Appendix D states, costs £5 per sq. ft. a year the same order of cost, it should be noted, as office accommodation for the Department of Education and Science; by comparing storage costs in central London with those at Buxton Spa, the Committee reaches the comfortable conclusion that if only 5 per cent of the BML's holdings could be sent into low-cost exile, the grateful nation would be saved a sum equivalent to its annual Acquisitions Grant, excluding the NRI's— a grant so pitifully small that it appears otherwise to have escaped the Committee's notice entirely. In this way the Trustees' own plans are comprehensively hit for six, the Committee having first called "no ball" after the manner of the Dilly as described by Andrew Lang:

I am the batsman and the bat,
I am the bowler and the ball,
The umpire, the pavilion cat,
The roller, pitch, and stumps, and all.

Moreover, the Committee's calculations seem sadly superficial. Does not outsourcing itself involve substantial costs which should be taken into account? And are the basic assumptions of the Committee's calculations valid? The problem is not only a matter of how much shelving can be reasonably concentrated in a given area, but of how many volumes can on average be accommodated in concentrated shelving spaces provided. The Committee's figures are clearly based on an assumption that the books of a national reference library would average no more than five volumes a linear foot of shelving. The *Evidence* volumes give no support for this view, but the annual reports of the Bodleian Library and Cambridge University Library, which have similar holdings, provide statistics showing an average of not five but between twelve and fifteen volumes a linear foot. Why should the metropolitan linear foot be expected to hold only five volumes when the provincial foot is twice or three as spacious for the same material? Have costings based on such a fallacious basis any validity? These questions again must be answered.

Some may care to challenge as well the basic philosophy of outsourcing. Is it not the common experience of librarians as expressed in *Evidence* that outsourcing is wasteful, frustrating, and ineffectual, and is it not the common experience of scholars that books lightly used in one generation may be heavily used in the next? What will happen when in this crowded island some future Minister of Technology discovers that the only base for his own high-cost vertical take-off jumbo-jet is already occupied by the National Repository for Blank Diaries and the Low Books of Liny? How much time will high-cost projects be allowed to consume in Department of Education and Science and its declared policy of maximum utilization of student-instruction units, personal Grade A? In any event, is it not time that someone boldly said that the complete National

Reference Library should of principle be considered important to the life of the nation to stand as a unit in the capital, like the House of Commons or Buckingham Palace?

Similar economic arguments deployed in order to demolish (for which there is no point in the *Evidence*) in national loan collections, and periodicals in the past. Such things, the Committee too expensive and must be in the interests of other directly related to the national well-being to subject to fair, the Committee less well qualified to consider. Committee on the National Well-being would be a useful association book list and is used by several of its national libraries to describe sections of their catalogues. Reluctance has been described as "generating in teenagers who have the ability to solve mechanical problems but with no inclination to read imaginatively: an attitude widely deplored by educationists." Early this year there appeared a book, *The absence of a really adequate Reader* by Ailani Chambers, which force of specialist images described on the dust jacket as "essential strainers, and catalogues" for all those concerned with this hopelessly lost to Cheviot phenomenon. In fact the author coined no or a combine-harvester phrase and described nothing novel to those already working with teenagers in library classrooms. What he did was to write with and negative general apathy and conviction about his own *Report*, and the experiences, criticize nearly everyone else pressing statements, subverting in the same field and compile some *Evidence*. For example, depressing book lists. The book is admirably the British Museum, reproduced on excellent paper. The type face is for no little implied class and the layout, with wide margins, *Report*, submitted the lost alternative. The author has arranged his constructive comment in a glacial under four headings. Part One, "The Trustees cannot believe in the Red," after describing his own national interest is well experienced goes on to assess what teenagers search are started at fumble, ment, while immense sum in Two, "How Write", is largely lengthy for industries and social expositions from authors who have been efficiency depends on the aptly successful in writing for teenagers. knowledge and research in their Three, "Make me an Offer," attacks unthinkings. It, for example, capital of the order of George such as the Industrial Revolution, the author's opinion, to provide

Corrections continued to books teenagers want. of the British Museum. Many teachers and librarians may find the national libraries, the book decidedly irritating. They will could have been provided a hint the implication that here is a new leader offer facilities to "show me to encourage them in a cause they have workers and readers of all ages fighting for years. Mr. Chambers has quality that would bear weight, he has had experience with difficult facilities in the United States, young people, but he remains curiously naive. where. Contrast this with the pathos he pushed in stubborn non-reader into eluding paragraph of telling him what he did read out of school, which, proclaiming the "Coke boy, with a grin", produced one of hope of improving library James Bond books. London teachers half a million pounds each, librarians at any rate will consider it equally striking is the case of Philip that Philip did not reveal a copy of *Oz* between the *Report*'s almost 10 or some paperback on sexual deviation, failure to stress the importance of new is this problem of the reluctant tation of the British Museum, and why has it been so much discussed? and the numerous emphatically by indeed was it considered important enough in the *Evidence* to its Pergamon Press to launch this book? national status. It is, in fact, must date back at least to the beginning of its have obtained no written photos taken at the turn of the century—rows about the structure and of docile children "lad in smocks and boots. National Libraries in other one of them must have rebelled against visit to America and France and many of them must have Secretary. This lack of interest about other national libraries another contrast—the difference between the defaultist policy mended for the BML in the foreign acquisitions (*Report*) vigorous government-sponsored Library of Congress and other can research libraries under of the Higher Education and under Public Law 480, a saddening experience for scholars to see British television slipping rapidly and irretrievably behind that American libraries can offer indre suddenly to see their ion Committee either in contrast or were inevitable. If the Dainton Committee point prevails in these days, the evidence, and which was too obvious to find themselves placed at the end of the queue (p. 229) on the general principle humanities can wait (and plain), while the sciences do). This principle, championed by our leading Humpty Dumpty is wall.

T.S.

Horses to the water

those days there would have been more parental pressure to acquire book learning, since previous generations had not had universal free schooling. Perhaps teachers in pre-1944 Act elementary schools were reconciled to the fact that many of their pupils would never be readers and did not consider it disastrous? Maybe with the advent of the comprehensive school, grammar school teachers have been dragged out of their cosy environment and into contact with secondary modern pupils, some of whom cannot read, and others who can but don't want to. Shocked at what they have discovered, these articulate middle-class teachers have rushed into print and on to platforms, con-

omission is because Mr. Chambers finds "no value in reading for reading's sake" and condemns the reading of comics as "a habit which reaches the level of sickness". This is in the first half of the book. Later on he condemns a teacher who reacts violently against comics and would advise him to grow up, learn to "contain his prejudices and temper" and offer his pupils Hergé's Tintin books. This is the kind of circular talk and contradiction that weakens the argument throughout the book. Incidentally, while there is nothing intrinsically wrong with Tintin, anyone who tries to lure a reluctant reader with these books will find they are leading the way

ALSO IN THIS INSET

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vinced that those who do not read for pleasure are missing something vital out of life.

A great deal of Mr. Chambers' argument is based on the quite valid assumption that most teachers and librarians are middle-class and find it hard to believe that there is a large chunk of the population to whom the printed word means virtually nothing. Too few public librarians realize that the child who comes into a library is already committed to reading and is by no means typical. Probably only school librarians are aware how few young people read because they really want to, and how thin on the ground are the books available to tempt today's teenagers.

Mr. Chambers does not mention Lord Northcliffe who popularized the penny press and required his writers to write for readers with a reading age of 12. This is a more realistic attitude to reluctant readers than that found in many n classroom and library. The tradition is carried on today in the *Daily Mirror*, which is widely read by young people. Perhaps this

up a cul-de-sac, or, to change the metaphor, to an addiction as unbreakable as what Mr. Chambers calls "the Blyton Neurosis".

The criticisms of librarians will be hailed with delight by some, but they are based on subjective reactions and unsubstantiated statistics. Early in the book comes the statement that many ideas "should be old hat to librarians and libraries yet they are ideas which meet with cries of horror and polite noises of denunciation". What are these ideas? Sifting through remarks about fish and rubber floors and the expressions on people's faces as they look at books, one finds three positive suggestions, none of which is calculated to disrupt the library profession. One, that paperbacks should be stocked in libraries. More and more school libraries do this, and regard paperbacks as expendable, to be read and replaced when worn out. As for public libraries, Mr. Chambers himself quotes Miss Paulin's enthusiastic advocacy of paperbacks to lure young people into a library in her address to the Library Association Annual

Conference in 1966. Miss Paulin was President of the Library Association and you can't get much more authoritative than that. Whose side is Mr. Chambers on?

Secondly, Mr. Chambers advocates selling books in libraries, not only to bring people into libraries but also because he considers book-selling in this country to be in "a shabby state". This suggestion is unlikely to elicit cries of horror, even to librarians aware of the legal and practical difficulties. Librarians are not quite the professional snobs Mr. Chambers suggests, but they are bound by by-laws, they are often limited by cramped, old-fashioned buildings, and they are mostly overworked. Swedish libraries have bookshops and coffee bars and are "overrun with teenagers". Bully for the Swedes. But whoever said British librarians were against this? Lincoln Public Library already manages something on these lines. In fact, many school libraries do run paperback book clubs and do sell books by arrangement with local booksellers. This should please Mr. Chambers, who recommends one of these book clubs to what he calls "the reluctant teacher". But as he disparages bookshops, which, he says, eventually lose their novelty and are ignored, why does he want them in libraries? Thirdly, having devoted a whole book to proving that there are not enough suitable books to persuade teenagers to read, Mr. Chambers condemns librarians for not providing suitable and attractive places to put books for teenagers because "with more and more being published the problem becomes more and more acute".

Librarians, according to Mr. Chambers, are not sufficiently aware of the fact that they serve only 40 per cent of the population. The figures are his own and do not bear examination, whichever side he is on. At the beginning of the book he says that he reckons 60 per cent are reluctant readers and says that he has not "a hope of establishing this as a scientifically proven fact". But he goes on using the ratio of 60 to 40 per cent throughout the book; 60 per cent of what? It is like 3d. off; 3d. off what? Nowhere is it made clear whether this is 60 per cent of teenagers or of the whole population. At the beginning of the book it seems to be teenagers, but by the time we get to Chapter 8, "The Reluctant Librarian", it is "of the population". In point of fact, the Library Association recognizes no national figures of library users. Figures are kept locally, but as there is no common basis for recording them there is no valid uniformity. In the opinion of the Library Association, and also of Library Schools, the figure is some-

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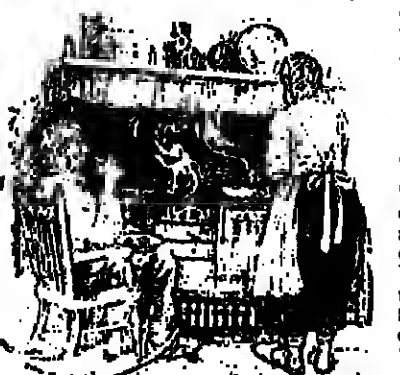
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PROLOGUE: FARMER: Charlotte Sometimes. Illustrated by Chris Connor. Chato and Windus, 18s. (1911). 0301.24

She was Charlotte sometimes, because the day after she'd arrived at her new boarding school, she woke up in the same bed and in the same room, at the opening of a new autumn term, too, but nearly fifty years before the date on which she'd gone to sleep the night before. She woke up not as herself, Charlotte Mary Makepeace in confusion or unconscious, but as Clare Mary Moby, a girl who, in 1918, had attended the same school, with the added complication of a younger sister Emily sharing the dormitory, instead of being safely out of the picture at home, as Charlotte's real sister Emma was.

"They couldn't make out why it had happened. It could have been something to do with the facts that their terms had started on the same day of the same month—September 18—or that they shared the same initials, or that they came from families of the same structure. It certainly had something to do with the old-fashioned bed in which each had started life at a new school; because as long as Clare occupied the bed in 1918 and Charlotte in the present time, they changed places on alternate days; but when, on one of Charlotte's days of going back, she and Emily were moved out of the school to stay with the Chisel Browns with whom they were to board, the changeover stopped, leaving Clare trapped in the draft, hungry days of the end of the First World War.

On one level this book could be read as a rather unusual story of mistaken identity, and the complications it creates for a child of 13 at school. The details, the confusing differences in the landscape, the prob-

lems set by the two girls' varying abilities at different subjects, and particularly the relationships with the other pupils and the staff of the school are very well worked out and convincing. Nothing is glossed over or explained too slickly. Charlotte and Clare aren't alike in character. Clare is much the more virtuous, even exactly alike to look at; as Emily says, to explain how it is that Charlotte is taken for Clare, "I just expected to see Clare and so I thought it was", and again:

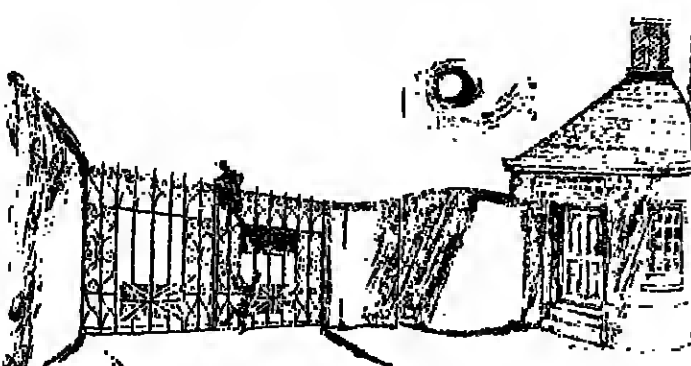
"I don't suppose I ever looked at you properly... I knew you—her too well, at least I thought I did, perhaps that's why I never noticed you were different."

This is the other, rarer, more interesting theme of the book; the problem of identity. Charlotte has even more reason than most adolescents to ask the question, Who am I really? Just after this conversation with Emily, she wonders, "Were you some particular person only because people recognized you as that?"

There's also the logical conundrum—what is the difference between reality and expectation? beautifully expressed in the disillusion of the dead Chisel Brown son, who went to war full of hope and came back for his first and last leave with only the wish

that he would not die by open cowardice. Charlotte for herself when she can't see under water, "marble-seen day."

It's a pity, after saying all this, to be able to recommend this masterpiece: it very nearly isn't quite. Charlotte's episodes which include the underground, as well as a child's death, both of adult and child, how add up to rather less than the sum of the parts, and this is a pity because the parts are fairly good. It may be that, is just too arbitrary; above and beyond what has by today's time for Clare, we sure why what happened: the experience of Charlotte's sense of inevitability, which of the ingredients of a masterpiece is not there. But this is that this book isn't worth the run-of-the-mill straight stories, and if for one reader quite come off, it is still a fine example of a medium.



From Charlotte Sometimes

of personality . . .

JOHN ROWE-TOWNSEND: *The Intruder*. Illustrated by Graham Humphreys. Oxford University Press, 18s. 11p. 271304.31

"I'm a businessman," says the shabby, sinister stranger who alleges he is old Ernest Halfway's nephew and wants to "develop" the remote and neglected Skirlston Quay as a thriving modern resort. Arnold Halfway, steady and unintelligent, but quiet and vulnerable also, has always called Ernest "Dad" and lived with him in Cottonree House—but really he does not know his own identity. It's the stranger's plan to oust him, even murder him, taking over the large cottage as a private hotel. Arnold, shocked and indignant at first, gradually and sadly loses hope of beating the intruder. Old Ernest falls into a pathetic and suspicious physical decline under the man's influence. Attempts by an ingenious younger, middle-class boy called Peter, to establish the stranger's identity, lead only to a desolate attic in Mr. Townsend's Cumbria. Yard. All seems lost when a chance intervention by Tom Blackburn, Dineal Agent for the Skirlston estate, he is horrified at the stranger's development plans sets off a train of events which allows Arnold to lead the man to his death on the engulfed Skirlston sands.

To say that John Rowe Townsend's absorbing and intelligent novel follows a formula would be at the same time true and unjust. The above pattern is not, after all, unfamiliar: evil stranger entering the life of a quietly happy young person, other youngsters and some eccentric, amiable adults endeavouring to frustrate his designs, a suspenseful ending in which the quiet boy proves himself, the villain is killed and the situation is saved for decency and common sense. But the treatment in *The Intruder* is so consistently original and sensitive, so skillfully the obvious avoided and the authentic emerges in something thoroughly convincing, moving—and up to date in the questions it poses. If the stranger himself is a melodramatic figure (one good eye, one bad), if the ending is achieved with a *deus ex machina*, if there is a note of what has become almost a requisite daring in books for young adolescents (Arnold's illegitimacy, the stranger's blonde), these weaknesses are not disabling.

They are, indeed, more than compensated for by Mr. Townsend's immense resourcefulness with his setting, his thorough and compassionate understanding of the

between his young people of elders, and a quality of the moral seriousness which pulls him away from slipping towards truthfulness. It is in regard his progress as a writer something of a tug-of-war between the conventional and the serious. There are still some efforts from the former in a reader, but the latter seems steadily winning out.

of good and evil

MARLENE L'ENGLER: *The Young Unicorn*. Gollancz, 21s. (1975.00281.6)

A cathedral in New York; a laboratory where a micro-ray is being perfected, by quiet Dr. Ainslin, for medical purposes (dangerous, though, in the wrong hands); a disused underground station where strange rites are held; a sinister junk shop with a wishing-lamp; a happy family home, in the heart of the city, where grace is not only said but sung—such new and old, dark and light scenes are deliberately crossed and juxtaposed throughout this extraordinary book. Its cast, with the three main children at the centre, follows the same design: it includes a gifted schoolgirl Emily, blinded by that same laser ray when she disturbed an unknown intruder, a boy, Dave, ex-chorister, ex-hoodlum, too, who receds for Emily, tutor-fashion, every day after school, a Dean, a visiting Canon (called in as a kind of spiritual detective), a mysteriously absent Bishop—and a gang of "boobs" known as the Bats, and terrifyingly directed by some untraced nodule.

"Over and over again as I walk the streets (says the Dean), I get vexed wondering: The Bats are preparing for something! The city's in danger." And indeed, among the scientists,

scholars and churchmen, even, who are the agents of evil? Who are the counters in the Canon's words: When evil declares itself in its form, it declares itself as an act of light. . . . We underestimate the force of darkness, if we assume that any of the created order, even the best of college itself, is safely sealed from it. We totally miss the point of the

The Young Unicorn seems resolved and complete work. *Wrinkle in Time*, the book by the author is so far known here too, was about the battle of good and evil, in a world of modern and ancient forces, and it had unforgettable passages of magic and witchery; but it was weaknesses too, not the least of them something over-local and over-mental in the politics of the *The Young Unicorn* (where, of the prevailing strangeness, of the seeming-superstition left without a rational explanation is a good deal more subtle in its complexities. And even those readers who contrive to bypass thought and the allegory, can be impressed by the "dramatic" thrills of the triumph of the possible, the probable, one might say, the logically credible and integratively ad-



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A drug on the market? Some stimulants among the bromides

It is ten or fifteen years since those disenchanted young people, the hippies, the Hell's Angels, the skinheads, were looking at their first picture-books, constructing their first models, exploring all the visual and tactile delights freely offered to every child who goes to school? Perhaps, we promise too much. That old Jesus best "Give us a child up to the age of seven, and he's ours for life", sounds strangely today. The under-ten are as carefully tended in our Primary Schools as are young plants in a nursery garden; it is when they are lifted, and left to put down their roots again as best they may in some less fertile patch of soil that troubles start.

What have picture books got to do with it? They are such an obvious example of the glut of goodies heaped upon the very young. Can one have too much of a good thing? Books are like sweets or indeed any other nourishment: each person can take only so much, however delicious, without suffering a natural revulsion. Imagine some child of the past, suddenly let into (say) the Children's Book Centre, Ruskin, perhaps, who passed his earliest days either playing with wooden bricks or "contentedly in tracing the squares and comparing the colours of my carpet; examining the knots in the wood of the floor, or counting the bricks in the opposite houses". With all his love of beauty, one can see him turning away from that temple of seduction in case it dissipated his imagination. Even Walter de la Mare, champion of children's pleasures, warned that reading, "which may be one of life's inexpressible pleasures and blessings... may also become a mere habit, an escape from thinking, or a drug".

Too many of the books noticed below seem to be "escape from thinking" books. They are beautifully printed and presented, and will certainly keep a child quiet for 10 minutes; singly, they may be studied again with profit and enjoyment, but it is as hard to recommend one above another as it is to pinpoint one that falls below the rest. Half-a-dozen do seem to have more to offer to the thinking child, and our first choice might even be submitted to a young Ruskin. Brian Wildsmith's work has always been lavishly praised: won-

derful colours flow through the pages of his books in great streams, yet he never leaves out those tiny details - the markings on a bird's wing, the sub-brown gleam in a donkey's eye that children have to see. The fables of La Fontaine are not naturally a child's favourite reading, and some children will never love a book for its pictures alone, but *The Miller, the Boy and the Donkey* (the fifth in the series) is a good one to try as it can be said to be a proper story, with real people. Wildsmith sets it in Renaissance Italy, with towers and capricious and mosaic fountains of dazzling beauty, and with the people dressed in rich, shining silks and satins; a virtuoso performance, turning a time-worn comedy into grand opera.

In turn from this to the country dancing of William Stubbs needs the blink of an eye, but Mr. Stubbs is unrivalled in his presentation of English folk tales, and it is pointless to compare two such different artists. Time and again his pictures bring the old stories up to such a pitch of excitement you think the characters will bounce off the page. *A Frog he would a-Wading Go* is as good as Mr. Stubbs can make it, open hat, plum tail coat, embroidered waistcoat and all, and when the cat and her kittens come tumbling in you can feel poor Mistress Mouse squeak.

Raymond Briggs is another illustrator with a style all his own. In *The Elephant and the Bad Boy* (first by Elfrida Vipont), an enormous elephant in a real elephant, with huge feet and tiny eyes and no clothes, one can see him turning away from that temple of seduction in case it dissipated his imagination. Even Walter de la Mare, champion of children's pleasures, warned that reading, "which may be one of life's inexpressible pleasures and blessings... may also become a mere habit, an escape from thinking, or a drug".

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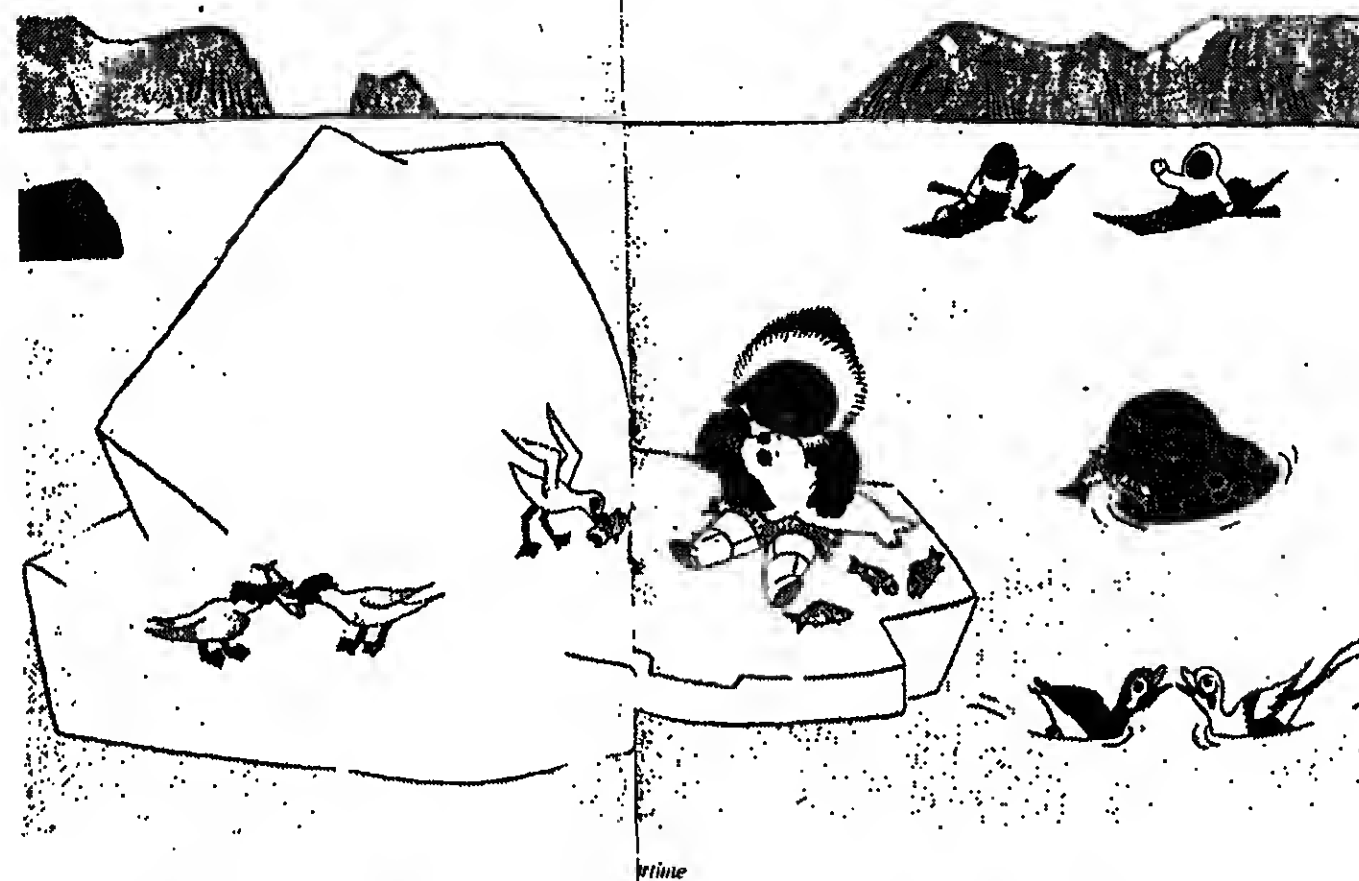
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Stories that count

ISOMINUS count sheep, optimists count chickens, angels count their blessings, realists count their spawns. Most of us like to count something or other, little children grieve for the Pobble, who had no toes to count. Counting books give hours of pleasure, and recent publications offer a fine choice: the first three noticed below are all impeccably produced, ingeniously contrived, and blazing with vitality.

First, Rodney Peppé's *Three Numbers*, which joyfully displays circus performers, four jugglers, five strongmen, six tigers up to ten, and then skips to twenty doves and, finally, one hundred elephants. A special prize for ingenuity ought to be given to Mr. Peppé for his brilliant thumbprint elephants.

Eric Carle's *1, 2, 3 in the Zoo* is good, too. Here, the large double-page pictures leave space at the

bottom for a train, whose open trucks gradually fill up with the animals that have been counted already. At the end, a triple-page spread opens out to reveal all the animals in their proper places at the zoo.

These two are, of course, for babies. More ambitious, and remarkably successful, Hirst Lenke's *One Fine Day* also takes us through the early stages, but proceeds to quite complicated sums of addition, subtraction and multiplication. The pictures, numbers and symbols are amusing, ingenious, and always clear; most admirable.

Two smaller books deserve mention. *James and Lucy* prints a handwritten letter to a child which includes masses of small sketches of James and Lucy playing, and cunningly interpolates easy exercises in number. One feels this was written by a real mother for a real child. *One, Two, Three for Fun* fits

counting games into the framework of a simple story in much the same way: unpretentious, and popular, *teichtheater 1 to 10* is glossy, bright, and ingenious, showing the travails of toy teddies at the cleaners, on the clothes-line, and in other uncomfortable situations. Not unnaturally, the bears look fearfully depressed: too-abre.

RUSKIN PAPER: *Count Numbers* Longmans Young Books, 18s, 1582, 1594, 1595, 1596, 1597, 1598, 1599, 1600, 1601, 1602, 1603, 1604, 1605, 1606, 1607, 1608, 1609, 1610, 1611, 1612, 1613, 1614, 1615, 1616, 1617, 1618, 1619, 1620, 1621, 1622, 1623, 1624, 1625, 1626, 1627, 1628, 1629, 1630, 1631, 1632, 1633, 1634, 1635, 1636, 1637, 1638, 1639, 1640, 1641, 1642, 1643, 1644, 1645, 1646, 1647, 1648, 1649, 1650, 1651, 1652, 1653, 1654, 1655, 1656, 1657, 1658, 1659, 1660, 1661, 1662, 1663, 1664, 1665, 1666, 1667, 1668, 1669, 1670, 1671, 1672, 1673, 1674, 1675, 1676, 1677, 1678, 1679, 1680, 1681, 1682, 1683, 1684, 1685, 1686, 1687, 1688, 1689, 1690, 1691, 1692, 1693, 1694, 1695, 1696, 1697, 1698, 1699, 1700, 1701, 1702, 1703, 1704, 1705, 1706, 1707, 1708, 1709, 1710, 1711, 1712, 1713, 1714, 1715, 1716, 1717, 1718, 1719, 1720, 1721, 1722, 1723, 1724, 1725, 1726, 1727, 1728, 1729, 1730, 1731, 1732, 1733, 1734, 1735, 1736, 1737, 1738, 1739, 1740, 1741, 1742, 1743, 1744, 1745, 1746, 1747, 1748, 1749, 1750, 1751, 1752, 1753, 1754, 1755, 1756, 1757, 1758, 1759, 1760, 1761, 1762, 1763, 1764, 1765, 1766, 1767, 1768, 1769, 1770, 1771, 1772, 1773, 1774, 1775, 1776, 1777, 1778, 1779, 1780, 1781, 1782, 1783, 1784, 1785, 1786, 1787, 1788, 1789, 1790, 1791, 1792, 1793, 1794, 1795, 1796, 1797, 1798, 1799, 1800, 1801, 1802, 1803, 1804, 1805, 1806, 1807, 1808, 1809, 1810, 1811, 1812, 1813, 1814, 1815, 1816, 1817, 1818, 1819, 1820, 1821, 1822, 1823, 1824, 1825, 1826, 1827, 1828, 1829, 1830, 1831, 1832, 1833, 1834, 1835, 1836, 1837, 1838, 1839, 1840, 1841, 1842, 1843, 1844, 1845, 1846, 1847, 1848, 1849, 1850, 1851, 1852, 1853, 1854, 1855, 1856, 1857, 1858, 1859, 1860, 1861, 1862, 1863, 1864, 1865, 1866, 1867, 1868, 1869, 1870, 1871, 1872, 1873, 1874, 1875, 1876, 1877, 1878, 1879, 1880, 1881, 1882, 1883, 1884, 1885, 1886, 1887, 1888, 1889, 1890, 1891, 1892, 1893, 1894, 1895, 1896, 1897, 1898, 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903, 1904, 1905, 1906, 1907, 1908, 1909, 1910, 1911, 1912, 1913, 1914, 1915, 1916, 1917, 1918, 1919, 1920, 1921, 1922, 1923, 1924, 1925, 1926, 1927, 1928, 1929, 1930, 1931, 1932, 1933, 1934, 1935, 1936, 1937, 1938, 1939, 1940, 1941, 1942, 1943, 1944, 1945, 1946, 1947, 1948, 1949, 1950, 1951, 1952, 1953, 1954, 1955, 1956, 1957, 1958, 1959, 1960, 1961, 1962, 1963, 1964, 1965, 1966, 1967, 1968, 1969, 1970, 1971, 1972, 1973, 1974, 1975, 1976, 1977, 1978, 1979, 1980, 1981, 1982, 1983, 1984, 1985, 1986, 1987, 1988, 1989, 1990, 1991, 1992, 1993, 1994, 1995, 1996, 1997, 1998, 1999, 2000, 2001, 2002, 2003, 2004, 2005, 2006, 2007, 2008, 2009, 2010, 2011, 2012, 2013, 2014, 2015, 2016, 2017, 2018, 2019, 2020, 2021, 2022, 2023, 2024, 2025, 2026, 2027, 2028, 2029, 2030, 2031, 2032, 2033, 2034, 2035, 2036, 2037, 2038, 2039, 2040, 2041, 2042, 2043, 2044, 2045, 2046, 2047, 2048, 2049, 2050, 2051, 2052, 2053, 2054, 2055, 2056, 2057, 2058, 2059, 2060, 2061, 2062, 2063, 2064, 2065, 2066, 2067, 2068, 2069, 2070, 2071, 2072, 2073, 2074, 2075, 2076, 2077, 2078, 2079, 2080, 2081, 2082, 2083, 2084, 2085, 2086, 2087, 2088, 2089, 2090, 2091, 2092, 2093, 2094, 2095, 2096, 2097, 2098, 2099, 2100, 2101, 2102, 2103, 2104, 2105, 2106, 2107, 2108, 2109, 2110, 2111, 2112, 2113, 2114, 2115, 2116, 2117, 2118, 2119, 2120, 2121, 21

Words and music

HOW MANY PARENTS still play the piano to their children? A declining number, surely, as houses make way for flats and bulky furniture is sold off in favour of stream-lined cabinets—cocktail or otherwise. But for those who have stuck to their uprights or grands, here are two more delightful offerings for this most delightful way to pass the time with children. *Lullabies and Night Songs*, a collection of verse from traditional songs in poems by Thurber, has been arranged or put to music by Alec Wilder, but with only indifferent success. Perhaps it is too much to expect one composer to find a good tune every time, and things are not made easier for the pianist by the irritating musical notation, which looks as if it has been scribbled down in a hurry and calls for extremely sharp eyes. Even so, the book is a visual triumph—superbly produced, and illustrated by Maurice Sendak in his warmest and most irresistible vein. Glowing pictures of wars, sunsets and forests alternate with sequences of sprightly little figures, showing that Sendak has lost none of his early days working for a comic book syndicate, and later for the famous Dr. Seuss.

On *Christmas Day*, a selection of first carols for children, is another very handsome book, illustrated by Margaret Gordon in vivid, exotic colours, far nearer the spirit of the Middle East than the many more sober productions in this line. The drawings themselves tend to be rather too schematic for a very young child, and they are not helped by clumsy joins in the full page spreads. Even so, it is hard not to warm to this artist's brilliant colour sense. Mervyn Harner's selection of thirteen well-known and less familiar carols shows a good sense for words as well as music: steeple bells are swung, cocks thrush and crow three voices, and ymbral, trump and tymbal vie with the tender, soothing flute. The musical arrangements themselves are sensibly straightforward, with just those few surprises to keep any parent or teacher on the alert. A most pleasing collection.

William Envyck (Editor): *Lullabies and Night Songs*. Music by Alec Wilder. Pictures by Maurice Sendak. Bodley Head. £2.5s. (370.0108.2.)

Mervyn Harner (Compiler): *On Christmas Day*. Illustrated by Margaret Gordon. Longman Young Books. 18s. (582.16423.0.)

GALLIPOLI

John Williams

The full story of the Gallipoli campaign, detailing the nine, action and results with a firm economy of words and purpose. "When and Why" series, 2-colour line drawings. 15s. net.



THE FIELD OF WATERLOO

Aubrey Felst

Wellington's great land victory—one of the last important set battles in history—told here with all the excitement of eye-witness detail. "When and Why" series, 2-colour line drawings. 15s. net.

THE BATTLE OF BRITAIN

Edward Fox

The story of how Britain's air force overcame the full might of Hitler's successful military machine in the late summer of 1940. 15s. net.

MILTON AND HIS WORLD

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A new addition to the "Writers and their Worlds", a series which reveals the world in which great English writers of different periods lived and worked. Many photographs. 16s. net.

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An informative background to the study of British stamps which includes chapters on Printing Great Britain's Stamps, Stamps from Foreign to Foreign, Specializations in Machine Heads, Printing the Classics, Booklets, Postmarks, etc. Illustrated with photographs. Ready Oct. 20s. net.

CHESS TACTICS FOR BEGINNERS

Stanley Morrison, Raymond Bolt & Robert Wade

An important book which deals with important tactical aspects of the game. Subjects covered include Knight, Pawns, Pin, Skewer, Discovered Check, Pawnless Check. Each chapter includes a series of practice exercises in the form of puzzles. Illustrated with diagrams. Paper covers. 8s. 6d. net. Ready early 1970.

EMILY

Margaret J. Miller

Describes Emily Brontë's relationships with the different members of her amazing family and also the events of her short life. Famous *Lito Stories*. 15s. net.

THE ROLLS-ROYCE MEN

John Rowland

Another new addition to the Famous *Lito Stories*. 15s. net.

INSTRUMENTS OF RELIGION AND FOLKLORE

Lilla M. Fox

Describes the use of instruments in church and other places of worship; musical instruments of the Bible; bells; the organ; and the use of folk instruments in rituals and ritual dances, etc. 20s. net.

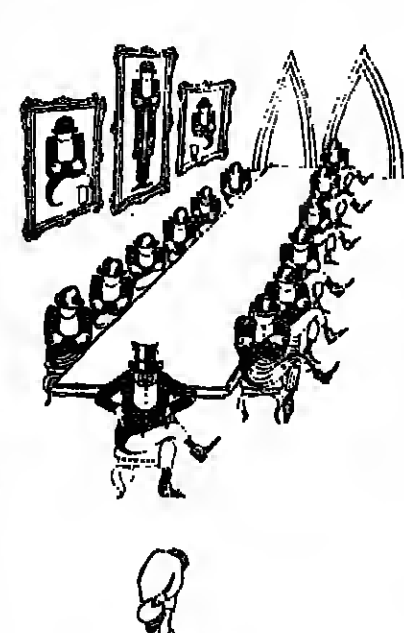
LUTTERWORTH PRESS

Continental characters

WHAT about the kids who haven't read the first book about the Little Man? Jakub Hurtig asks Mr. Kästner at the beginning of *The Little Man and the Little Mice*. "I know what! You must begin the second volume by first telling us the contents of the first one." This is ingeniously done with nine full-page pictures and captions recounting two-inch-high Maxie Pichelsteiner's adventures in the circus and his escape from his kidnappers. Having put the reader in the picture, the second volume continues where the first left off. Unfortunately this reminder of the earlier story only underlines, as acquires often do, the true paucity of the second. In the new story Maxie is involved with making a film of his previous adventures, while the police chase the kidnappers. Sadly, the latter half of the book loses tempo badly.

It is padded out with inconclusive episodes which, while having a certain gaiety (a visit to the Sausage God in Breganzona, for example), give an insipid colouring to the whole. The Little Miss of the title conveniently arrives to share a minuscule home with Maxie so that Hokus von Pokus, his conjurer guardian, is free to marry his own girl. The book is a pale shadow of *The Little Man*, whose exciting kidnapping, reminiscent of the best of *Emil*, is replaced by sentiment. There are too many patronizing authorial asides although probably children mind these less than adults) and Hirst Lemke's whimsical illustrations lack the simplicity of Walter Trier's drawings for *Emil*.

Illustrations are still of the utmost importance for children under nine. The visual orgy of modern picture-books isn't far behind them, and children want pictures they can read, pictures that really elaborate on the text. This is exactly what Reiner Zimnik provides in *The Crane*. Every page has a fine drawing of some kind. Most are both sketchy and inventively wild.



From *The Crane*

Another sprightly fantasy from Queenstown, with a boy and girl on a picnic many years ago, are suddenly blown to a jangle like, where they have a happy time among the parrots and tropical fish until they are rescued by Tars in Pressure Island fig, happily reminiscent of the Darwins' *Mr. Tootle and Co.* Elegantly produced.

HELEN BROWN: *Anna's Circus*. Blackie 15s. (216.886.775.) A dear, silly spinner, living alone with her parrot and her five hens, is inspired by a visit to the circus to work up her own act. "No, I don't want any hens, I want a parrot in my circus. Hens are not stupid, parrots are!" Anna's parrot and her team of hens become the star turn of the circus. Unwinning, and most engaging: ideal for ants and necks.

LAUREN DE BERNHOUT: *Captain Scrobbles*. Methuen. 15s. (416.95310.703.) Scrobbles is a *holic*-laid. This is the third book about the young giraffe's adventures with her friends, Fenny frog, Emes crocodile, Hugo kangaroo and Pinch rabbit, and it is as good as its predecessors. The untidy, careless drawings seem exactly suited to the shaggy, ill-sorted gang, and giraffe only seen once, in this volume is a piece of character.

ERIC KAYNOR: *The Little Man*. Translated by Kirkup. Illustrated by Hirst Lemke. Cape. 21s. (224.61577.7.)

Reiner Zimnik: *The Crane*. Edited by Marion Koenig. Brockton Press. 16s. (341.041963.)

Making a start

Picture books

JOHN WALSH AND ANDY: *A is for Always*. Collins. 7s. 6d.

Few tiny tales swing from letters of the alphabet, each representing a different virtue, courteous, determined, efficient. Life-size letters prefer the smash and grab vices of Kate Greenaway's *A is for Apple-pie*.

QUENTIN BLAKE: *Jack and Nancy*. Cape. 18s. (224.61715.X.) Another sprightly fantasy from Queenstown, with a boy and girl on a picnic many years ago, are suddenly blown to a jangle like, where they have a happy time among the parrots and tropical fish until they are rescued by Tars in Pressure Island fig, happily reminiscent of the Darwins' *Mr. Tootle and Co.* Elegantly produced.

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Rewards for the new age

THE SCIENCE-FICTION story for children has for some time seemed the lined descendant of the boy's "Reward". In its emphasis on action, its rudimentary characterization, its naive values, it looked back not to Wells and Jules Verne but to Colonel Breerton and Herbert Strang.

Not now. It may be that the pressure of events, which makes his imaginings either commonplace or absurd, have stimulated the SF writer to a different kind of creative activity. The cover design of Angus MacVicar's *Super Nova* and the *Rogue Satellite*, as well as the title itself, seems to offer no more than a Captain Johns story in modern technological dress. The reader is soon put right. For Captain Johns the negroes began at Calais. There are no national or racial prejudices on board *Super Nova*, or at least none until sinister influences revive, but not permanently, long buried antipathies. The old "Reward" writers were reluctant to acknowledge the existence of an opposite sex. Mr. MacVicar's space libel carries in her crew a lively and unashamedly sexy nurse called Janie. This is a "Reward" for the new age, an age which demands a great deal more of its writers in integrity as well as technique. Mr. MacVicar's story is excellent of its kind; it is encouraging to realize that it is also typical.

The besetting sin of most SF is its humourlessness; there is precious little gaiety in space. Robert Heinlein is the exception. He is so completely the master of his medium that he can afford to make fun of it. *Space Family Stone* is, for the most part, an agreeable send-up of the spaceways. The Stones viscerack their way from planet to planet, doing a little trade here and there, tending the sick (Miss Stone is a doctor), and mainly enjoying themselves. Grandmother Hazel, who is "the only juvenile delinquent old enough for a genetics clinic", justifies her decision to go on to Titan: "The dull ones stay home—and the bright ones stay around and see what trouble they can dig up. It's the human pattern." Grandmother is beyond question one of the bright ones, and so is the baby, Buster, who has all the youngest's fierceness and who is a chess genius. So are the twins, who try to sell second-hand bicycles on Mars, and Father, who sometimes seems a bit of a fool, but is not. Behind the knockabout fun, beyond the quiet heroism, there is a sense of adventure and—rarest of all ingredients in SF—a feeling of wonder. Notwithstanding the bureaucracy which bedevils the planets, the Stones believe that there are fine things yet to see, and they take with them, carefully dried to control its alarming fertility, one of the compulsively loving and lovable flat-cuts of Mars.

There is nothing to laugh about in Andre Norton's *Dark Piper*. Mr. Heinlein's universe is largely tamed. There are no villains, no wars. Miss Norton shows a planet isolated by war mud all but annihilated in the aftermath of war. A professional

soldier, Griss, Lugard, returns to Beltane and tries to alert the pacifist government to the dangers lurking in space. In vain. Homeless adventures bomb the capital of Beltane out of existence. They kill the survivors with an unstable virus which destroys them with its backlash. But before the disaster strikes, like a benevolent pied piper, takes the children of the colony underground and they survive.

Miss Norton has not always been easy to read. Her imagination is so strong and so way-out that she sometimes fails to communicate with her readers who cannot, without more help, share her vision. *Dark Piper* is the most direct and in consequence the most powerful of her stories. The little world that she invokes is convincing and strangely beautiful. Her

The lure of adventure

THERE have been many great mountaineering books; the historic ascents of the Alps and of course the records of the battle for Everest, and the great Himalayan peaks have been long familiar to older readers. But now there is a new era of climbing, with more mechanical aids, and more deliberate attempts: not to achieve summits by routes already known, but to challenge the great north faces, once thought insuperable, of Alps already climbed. To read about these may interest younger readers not familiar with early conquests, and might even send them back to read of those earlier feats when men pitted themselves against heights and conditions hitherto unknown. In *North Face: The Second Conquest of the Alps*, Walter Unsworth describes some of the famous climbs of modern times on the great rock and ice faces; the tragedies of the 1930s, on the Eiger and Grandes Jorasses, and the triumphant winter ascent of the Eigerwand. The striking photographs are by Chris Bonington, one of Britain's leading climbers.

This is not a book for very young readers, as it needs some grasp to follow it. But *First Up Everest* with coloured illustrations by Raymond Briggs, is as much picture as text; it has a good plan of the mountain showing the route and the camps of the victorious expedition of 1953. The story only tells of the final stage by Hillary and Tenzing and is very brief and clear. The same goes for *Shackleton's Epic Voyage*, with illustrations by the same artist: the story of Shackleton's rescue voyage in the James Caird. In both books the print is large but often superimposed on the coloured pictures, which does not make for easy reading. Black print upon a grey or blue sea or mountainside is not really a good idea.

Anthologies are a tempting format for reading, leading onwards for those who may not have the patience for a long story; also there is always the chance of finding some

child characters have depth. She draws a tiny creature together by a disaster before comprehension, but a core had been made up of mankind. The world was young and innocent. It is reasonable to say that any child attracted by that first paragraph will like the book. And not, not.

These five adults for although the book is labelled for 10 to 14 year olds, the characters are all really of Tolkien and C. S. Lewis age. Mrs. Mulvaney, misses nothing but a good cup of tea. On the island they have freedom and peace, work and food. And there is "no place like island for drink" a bit of thinking. But they begin to realize that nothing can be solved by running away. And those who have their lives to live must have the guts to get back and live them. Only Mrs. Mulvaney is allowed an island grave.

It is a perpetually interesting situation, of course, a group of people, isolated, feeding for themselves, getting to know each other and themselves. The new book has a kinder view of human nature than *Lord of the Flies*, for instance. The five learn from Edward who trusts and accepts each other. The dimwit, George, finds he is a different man without his drink; the on his long journey in the desert, he learns to wear his knife openly. There is much of interest here but children need to recognize and identify. Ivan Southey's account of a winter alone in the Arctic. But there are all sorts of escapes: the two most exciting some "The King's Escape", which is very different. Mrs. Brinsmead's last book, *A Sapphire for September*.

Nan Chaney's new book, *The Lighthouse Keeper's Son*, is even more of a disappointment after *Lizzie Light*. It is meant for rather younger children. Chesey is nearly ten; Lizzie is thirteen. He is also a loner, but he is a cardboard character compared with Lizzie, and his family the unfavourably annoying small sister, the mother who understands so little that she thinks a rare shell can be replaced by something bought are by Mrs. Chaney's own high standards cardboard people too. There is none of the warmth of the Lenny books, none of the intensity and involvement of a book like *Tangerine*. In the new book, Mrs. Chaney never focuses entirely on a place or a situation. Nothing much happens except that the family moves from Lighthouse to fruit market, to another Lighthouse and another. It is only at the end that the low-pressure narrative gathers pace

extract which may lead the back to the original. In *Escape* we have one more thing and exploitation; there is from Edward who trusts and accepts each other. The dimwit, George, finds he is a different man without his drink; the on his long journey in the desert, he learns to wear his knife openly. There is much of interest here but children need to recognize and identify. Ivan Southey's account of a winter alone in the Arctic. But there are all sorts of escapes: the two most exciting some "The King's Escape", which is very different. Mrs. Brinsmead's last book, *A Sapphire for September*.

WALTER UNSWORTH: *North Face: Second Conquest of the Alps*, world and photographs, by Bonington. Hutchinson. (041970901X.)

SHACKLETON'S EPIC VOYAGE. By Michael Brown and Raymond Briggs. Hamish Hamilton. (2413171572.)

DAVID HOWARTH (Editor): *Escape*. Hamish Hamilton. (241942214.)

RICHARD ALDERMAN (Editor): *Sure and Treasure Hunters*. Hamish Hamilton. 21s. (2410174133.)

Mrs. Brinsmead indulges in too often:

The strange, shy creature... had become a throwback in time, so had been the primeval, feral Eshippus that made up of mankind. The world was young and innocent.

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Natural settings

JEN NIAL'S *The Owl Hunters* survives a hackneyed plot by keeping its feet on the ground and its mind on the job. The style is brisk and full of humour. The heroes, Billy and Albert, are lively children: not enough to be incompetent and scared in between bursts of bravery and brief daydreams of fame and fortune. They are hunting for a baby owl in an old graveyard when they see a gang of crooks pretending to be mourners. The owls are forgotten and the boys set about foiling the crooks and regaining the coffin lull of stolen money. The crooks are cliché and unimportant, but the heroes' allies are entertaining and lively. Billy's character is so convincing, so comfortable, so semi-occupied in chasing a jilt, the village policeman who is not so slow as he seems, and the charming Mr. Tapper, unimpairedly nursing along his ineffectual which ought to have been on the rapscallion years ago.

To say that *Rusty*, by Joyce Kilmer, is the old-fashioned type of animal story, with Nature's teeth and claws as red as ever and no holds barred, is no disparagement. In fact, it is a realistic approach, combined with thorough knowledge of the wild and the people who live there, makes a powerful and impressive story. Joyce Kilmer is a solidly honest writer with her characters, and they are all the more alive

and finally resolves itself into a neat little last paragraph:

So that was all right; the cyclone had passed, Chesey had his dog, his shell was safe, and he had made a new friend.

Mary Patchett's new book has some rather thin characters, too, but this is less surprising in a book whose appeal is largely in its scientific detail and its setting under the sea. The Dexter family leave a convention farm on land to live under the water and establish the first farm for the Australian Fisheries Department. The whole project is carefully described and admirably motivated. They must first increase the plankton yield with nutrient salts. "Men should not colonise the sea as they had the earth, advancing as egotistical folk with one idea: to

Yonge misses

CHRISTIE YONGE died in 1901. Even before her death the era of the bread-and-butter miss was over. In her late novels she lamented the fact herself: the disappearance of the earnest conscientious girl for whom most of her books catered, the fourteen to eighteen-year-old, no longer a child, not yet a woman, who in the quiet solitude of her schoolroom at home was preparing herself to meet the world.

But there are children's editors who will not recognize that. Still they turn out pleasant books for thoughtful girls, books about girls growing up, delicately spiced with romance, commendable books, written by authors who really care. They will certainly be bought by libraries, because they are made to look so good. But who is going to read them? They have not enough bite for the adult, they are too slow-moving for children, and whatever adolescents read nowadays, one moment *The Cat in the Hat*, the next *Lady Chatterbox*, one can be fairly definite that it is not this sort of thing.

Heather Spence's *Lighthouse Road* is a sequel to her earlier *The Switherby Pilgrims*. It follows up the fortunes of the ten orphans from the village of Switherby who were taken by the vicar's sister, Miss Arabella Brailhaile, to begin a new life in Australia. Here we see them established on their farmstead in New South Wales. The early pioneering days, which gave the first book much of its interest, are over now, and Miss Arabella is trying to plan for the orphans' future. Cassie, with whom the book is chiefly concerned, goes as a governess to the daughter of a

kill." The book is better than its rather crude illustrations would suggest but there is an unconvincing plot. The ignorant local fishermen go to extraordinary lengths to wreck the scheme and are only foiled by a trusty dolphin. The whole book is rather muddled, so that, like one of the characters in the story, one is "disappointed at not being surprised by anything".

E. M. LEVIN: *The Children of Clearwater Bay*. Illustrated by Gail Tapp. Macmillan. 21s. (333.10518.41.)
H. F. BRINSMEAD: *Idyl of the Sea Horse*. Illustrated by Peter Farmer. Oxford University Press. 18s. (119.271307.81.)
NAN CHANEY: *The Lighthouse Keeper's Son*. Illustrated by Victor G. Ambrus. Oxford University Press. 16s. (119.271303.1.)
MARY PATCHETT: *Farm Beneath the Sea*. Harrap. 20s. (245.59882.81.)



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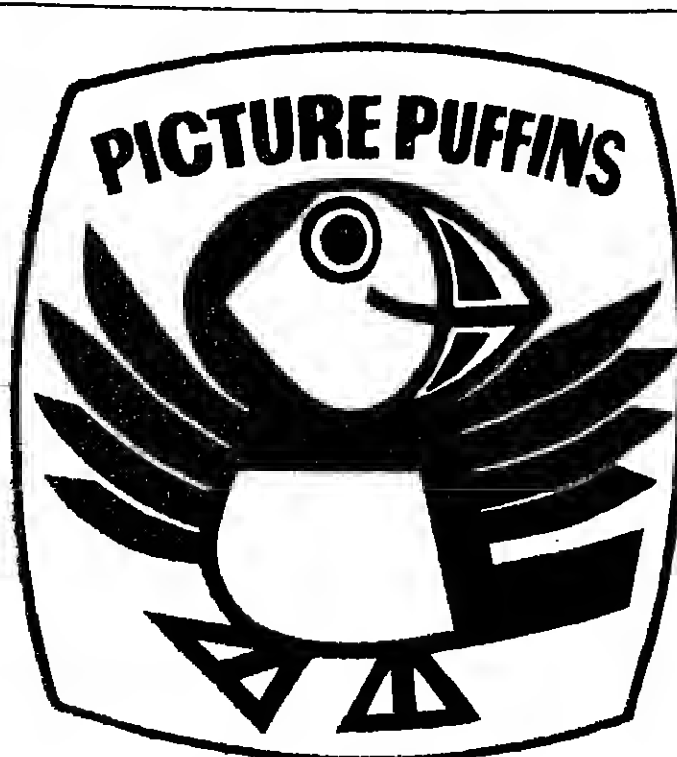
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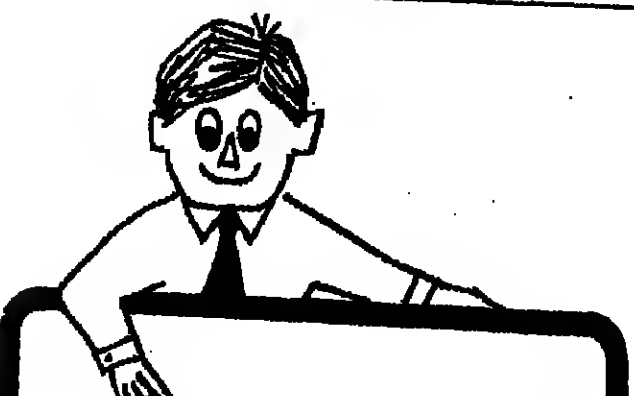
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Children's book news

The twelfth Children's Book Show which opens next month at the Central Hall, Westminster will have some new features, besides a change of setting. From this year onwards the show is to have a theme to complement the book exhibits and this year's is to be the World of Entertainment. So while in the main hall fifty publishers' stands and 3,000 children's books will be on display, with a bookshop where any book shown may be bought, elsewhere in the building the entertainment theme will be kept going by a round of activities—children's authors and artists talking, drawing and signing copies of their books; a puppet theatre; and appearances in strolling-player tradition by the Doggs Group and the Bawspit Group among others. The show is open to the public from November 4 to 11; weekdays 10 a.m.-7 p.m.; Saturdays 10 a.m.-7 p.m. Admission: adults 1s; children 6d.

The Grand Prix of the recent Bratislava Biennale of Illustrations went to Eva Bednarova of Czechoslovakia for her book *Chudskoe Volk* (The Poor People) published by Artia. Robin Jacques won an award plaque for Britain with his illustrations for Ruth Manning-Sanders's *A Book of Ghosts*.

and *Golden* published by Methuen. Among other awards, competed for by 420 artists from thirty-three countries, an Honorary Diploma was given to Thomas Nelson of Lagos for *Home P. D. Onobrakpala* illustrations for *The Forest of a Thousand Demons*.

To commemorate the centenary year of *Little Women*, first published on October 3, 1868, the Library of Congress has issued an annotated selection of bibliographies, *Library of Congress*. The bibliography, which also serves as a catalogue to an exhibition mounted in the Library's Rare Book Room, has been compiled by Judith C. Ollom, formerly of the Hadden Book Section of the Library, and has an introduction by Virginia Haviland, the present head of the Section. It is an attractive publication, tracing the world's most famous children's book, with excerpts from contemporary reviews, among them one of *Eight Cousins*, attributed to Henry James—and many illustrations, including an extremely young-looking March family for the first edition and, on the cover, the four girls as adult generations, and also the illustrators, have seen them through the eyes of Jessie Wilcox Smith in

The Reviewing of Children in Britain by Dorothy K. B. which has recently appeared in the *Library of Congress*. The bibliography, which also serves as a catalogue to an exhibition mounted in the Library's Rare Book Room, has been compiled by Judith C. Ollom, formerly of the Hadden Book Section of the Library, and has an introduction by Virginia Haviland, the present head of the Section. It is an attractive publication, tracing the world's most famous children's book, with excerpts from contemporary reviews, among them one of *Eight Cousins*, attributed to Henry James—and many illustrations, including an extremely young-looking March family for the first edition and, on the cover, the four girls as adult generations, and also the illustrators, have seen them through the eyes of Jessie Wilcox Smith in

Will integration ever work?

It is now almost ten years since the Institute of Race Relations published *Coloured Immigrants in Britain*. Based on research financed by the Nuffield Foundation, it was an attempt to provide a prompt response to the books in Britain on racial violence in Nottingham in the summer of 1958. The book was not of course the first that had appeared in Britain on the subject of colour; there had already been pioneering studies by Michael Danton, Anthony Richmond and R. L. Little, among others, but these earlier studies had been few and there was almost nothing reliable in the way of statistical information, official or otherwise. We were as a nation extraordinarily ignorant about this new influx of immigrants, an influx which, more and more people suddenly began to realize, might bring with it tensions

and conflicts on an unprecedented scale. A good deal has happened in this past decade. The political parties, at first united in their high-minded adherence to principle, their recognition of our national responsibility as an ex-colonial power, their reluctance to put up barriers against holders of British passports who happened to be coloured have, under the weight of what they believe to be "public opinion", shifted to a different sort of bi-partisanship, less confident, less secure, and based on a shared commitment to restriction. We have seen some extraordinary things: the shock result of the Smeeth election; French Powell using all his oratorical skills to tan the flames; London dockers on the march, not for the brotherhood of man or even another pound a week, but in sympathy with racist sentiment; the controversial Commonwealth Immigrants Act of 1968.

Over the same decade, other more hopeful things have also been happening. Above all much more has been done by way of research and study. Six recently-published books on race, immigration and related topics are only the latest hatch among many. What was in 1961 a mere trickle of books and articles has become, if not a flood, at least a stream.

By far the most important of the recent books is *Colour and Citizenship*. It is not just that it is faster than the others. It marks a conclusion—if only an interim one—to the partnership between the Institute of Race Relations and the Nuffield Foundation which has already been referred to and which, when the history of colour in Britain comes to be written, is likely to stand out as a major influence on the side of decency and common-sense. In 1962 the Institute decided to follow up its preliminary research with something more substantial. The Nuffield Foundation was again approached; it agreed to finance a Survey of Race Relations, with Mr. E. J. B. Rose as its Director and Mr. Nicholas Denkin as Assistant Director.

Research grants quite often fail to bear fruit. That has not happened this time. The Survey has so far produced ten books and a dozen articles, with other studies in progress or in the press. And, with the grant period coming to an end, Mr. Rose and his colleagues thought it right to report on the Survey generally, despite the fact that all the work had not been completed; hence *Colour and Citizenship*. Edited by Mr. Rose and largely written by himself and Mr. Denkin, it is an ambitious book, for it tries to bring together into a coherent account what has been gathered in the various studies, to draw out the main

conclusions, and to suggest what follows in terms of practical policies. The first and most substantial virtue of *Colour and Citizenship* is its impressive battery of facts. Much of the material is of course not new, but it has not been collated before in such a comprehensive and orderly fashion. Only a reader who had conscientiously kept up with all the literature could hope to be familiar with more than a fraction of it. Everyone else will find a good deal of pertinent information; and since some new findings are included even the expert will learn something.

An example of an elementary question on which many people are ignorant is that of the immigrants' origins: where and, more to the point, what kinds of societies have they come from? The immigrants are predominantly West Indians, Indians and Pakistanis—that much is known. But it is not generally understood that the majority of the West Indians about 10 per cent—have come from one Caribbean island alone, Jamaica. Nor is it always appreciated how "English" is the society from which most West Indians come. "The man, woman, and children who have come to Britain in the last twenty years were brought up within a British culture, were taught in English-speaking schools by teachers with English middle-class values." In view of this it is not surprising that, as later chapters argue, the West Indians are in many ways very capable of adaptation to British society. Most of them share English conceptions of "respectability" and cleanliness; most are as "acquisitive" and as ambitious for their children's education as their white fellows; most want nothing more than to settle down and live the same way of life as the other residents of Britain.

The Indians and Pakistanis are of course not like this. They are much more inclined to stress the values of their own cultures; among Pakistanis in particular many men have come to England without families, living here frugally and working hard in order to send remittances back home. This much may be recognized. What is not widely known is that the immigrants from the Indian sub-continent have come from a few relatively small areas; not that four-fifths of the Indians are Sikhs, mainly from two districts in Eastern Punjab, even though Sikhs account for only about 2 per cent of the population of India.

As well as providing essential factual information like this about the background, demographic composition, occupational skills, and attitudes to British society of the different groups of coloured immigrants, the book deals effectively with a whole series of hoary stereo-

types. On the immigrants take more out of British society, by way of social services and social security benefits in particular, than they put into it? It certainly the report of a large-scale survey of British public opinion shows that most people think they do. The clear evidence is that they do not. "The arrival of immigrant families in the main towns and cities has," as the report puts it, "put additional pressure on certain services as a whole. . . . But taking the social services as a whole, the immigrants are an asset, not a burden." In support of this, the authors quote Mrs. Kathleen Jones: "The adult working population supports the old in the community. An influx of young adult immigrants therefore so far as current expenditure on the social services is concerned, provides a source and in all gain for thirty years in which they add to contributors but not to dependants. This more than outweighs the additional social service costs which may be incurred because of the immigrants' special health or educational requirements."

Social services apart, in what extent are the immigrants an unwelcome addition to the labour force and an economic liability? A chapter on this has been contributed by Professor Maurice Peston. After a careful discussion of the various economic arguments commonly advanced that immigration causes unemployment, reduces the rate of economic growth or technical progress, leads to a worse balance of payments, or causes inflation—he concludes that there is no evidence to support any of these assertions. He comments that his own view is that if anything "immigration has been conducive to growth and has been anti-inflationary."

Another example is crime. Are coloured immigrants less law-abiding, more disposed to criminality than whites? In general, on the evidence of two local studies, the likely answer is no. On juvenile delinquency, in particular, one of these inquiries—that by Mr. John Lambert in Birmingham—found that Asian children were markedly less delinquent in terms of approved school attendance than a comparable English age group, and that "West Indian boys, though more prone to approved school admissions than Asian boys, were under-represented compared with white children." Coloured children were also under-represented among young people on probation.

Yet another example is house prices. Owner-occupiers commonly argue that, though they themselves are not prejudiced, they are concerned about the expected fall in the value of their property when coloured neighbours move in. There is as yet no overwhelming evidence either way, but a number of local investigations—in Southall, in Oxford and in a West Yorkshire town—suggest that the presence of coloured residents does not damage property values.

Yet, if the report challenges many of our national beliefs about coloured immigrants, it also shows the consequences of them. The evidence of discrimination is built up skilfully and restoratively. It

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Handwritten note: *Just in time*

is abundantly clear that the jobs of coloured people are of lower status than those of whites, and that coloured people with educational or craft qualifications are less likely than whites to be able to use them. It is evident, too, that coloured people live in worse housing, with poorer amenities and more overcrowding, and that for the most part they congregate in the poorer areas of our cities, not because they prefer this or because they are too poor to live elsewhere (despite the job discrimination, many earn fairly large wages through long hours and wives working, but because their access is restricted to council housing, to better quality privately-purchased housing, and to the house-purchase market. There is no doubt, as a series of comparisons with Irish and 19th-century immigrants show, that this discrimination is less because they are "foreigners" than because they are coloured.

The mountain of evidence is irrefutable. Because of their skin colour, the immigrants and their children live more limited and less happy lives than they otherwise would. It is not surprising, as is shown by a section on "The Immigrant Response", that most of them are disillusioned about Britain, dis-appointed and often bitter. It is a bitterness that could grow and in time generate upon racial strife. Memphis and Watts could turn out to be the models for the Notting Hill and Nottingham of the 1970s.

The message is forcibly conveyed by this well-informed, intelligently-written report. The book is strong too in its chapters, written mainly by Mr. Deakin, on the recent history of government policy on immigration. The central criticism is that the Post-Office obsession with the numbers of immigrants has led governments to a series of panicky and ill-considered measures, which were not necessary since the period of large-scale immigration was likely

to be of limited duration and showed signs of coming to an end anyway) and probably actually encouraged immigration while damaging Britain's good name.

Not everything in the book is equally good. The chapters on the anti-immigration of 1961 and 1966, for instance, are unnecessarily tedious and do not make their points as well as they might. Nor can one feel entirely happy about Dr. Mark Abrams's report of his sample survey, in the areas containing immigrants, on British attitudes to immigrants and immigration. In view of the evidence on discrimination, presented elsewhere in the book, it is naive to interpret the survey results as showing that most people are "tolerant" or "tolerant-inclined". One cannot put much weight on people's answers to batteries of questions asking them, in effect, if they admit to colour prejudice; and it is wrong to try to use the answers as if they constituted a carefully-calibrated barometer on the "extent" of prejudice.

The opinion survey is more useful in analyses where the exact "level" of prejudice is less important, that is, in the comparisons between the different sets of people interviewed. In general less overt prejudice was expressed by people who had coloured neighbours, and particularly by those who worked

with coloured people, than by those who did not. The suggestion that colour reduces prejudice is one of the few cheering conclusions.

The final chapters of *Colour and Citizenship* are in tune with the bulk of the rest, exhibiting the same mixture of idealism, solid information, and commonsense. Mr. Rose and Mr. Deakin, in making policy suggestions, strike a felicitous balance between what is right and what is within the bounds of immediate practical politics. One must hope that their recommendations—such as realising that the will to power and influence, it deserves a far wider readership as well, not only because any reader is bound to gain in understanding from it, but also because an informed and sympathetic public opinion can itself help to change the views of our leaders and influence national policy.

The other five books are much more light-weight. In sheer length *Immigration and Race Relations* is almost as substantial, but it is a strange book. Mrs. Patterson, as author of the sensitive and impressive *Dark Strangers* and former editor of the Institute of Race Relations *Newswatch*, was obviously well placed to undertake a review of race relations from 1940 to 1967. But what she has produced is dis-

appointing. It is drearily factual and lacks the synthesizing and summarizing qualities of *Colour and Citizenship*. What is more serious, it covers much of the same ground, repeating the familiar sets of figures and survey findings; since it is sponsored by the Institute, the error in publishing judgment seems extraordinary.

No Entry by David Steel, M.P., is centred on the 1968 Commonwealth Immigrants Act. It gives the early history of Asian settlement in Kenya, leads up to the political developments in Kenya before and after independence, and then tells the story of the Act. Like Mr. Deakin, he argues that the Act was both bad and unnecessary. This account is a detailed and useful supplement to the relevant chapters of *Colour and Citizenship*.

After Immigrants to England is a reprint of Cunningham's book, first published in 1897, with a new introduction by Charles Wilson. The immigrants with which it deals, starting with the Normans and ending with the Huguenots, were not coloured, and the book has little relevance to current problems—though it does echo Professor Penson in making the point that immigration can be beneficial to the economy. *The Key to the Lock* is about the machinery of immigration

control. It is a history of the immigration services, again starting with Syria and Turkey and the position of Caracul, a British Officer, is more concerned with the practical problems of immigration. It is a history of the immigration services, again starting with Syria and Turkey and the position of Caracul, a British Officer, is more concerned with the practical problems of immigration. It is a history of the immigration services, again starting with Syria and Turkey and the position of Caracul, a British Officer, is more concerned with the practical problems of immigration.

The Field Worker in Immigrant Health is different again; it is a handbook for health workers. Against a background of information about standard public health practice and regulation it creates awareness of the special problems of physical and mental health of immigrants.

Mr. Montgomery has now October 9th tacitly conceded my point that, on one of the other points, one can differ on the merits of health and stress, point to some general points of public debate, and point out differences among immigrants themselves and between immigrants and their white neighbours. At the same time, I had clearly told him while my book was at the policy-proof stage, that I had no intention to omit all reference to the Migrant Press editions of 1960. The book has been prepared, as I have explained (October 23), published at all is yet another error in the presentation of a growing desire to understand the other side of the story, and to learn to live with the coloured minorities.

October 9th his twenty publishers with such confidence, it is a very widespread if not universal practice for publishers to ask each other for permission to quote, partly because of this ambiguous phrase.

As for his definition of "a substantial part", this, of course, is not to be found anywhere in the Copyright Act and some of us who have been involved in prolonged copyright disputes find that copyright lawyers can read it very differently. I once had occasion to carry a case right through to Queen's Counsel and his interpretation of the phrase did not resemble Mr. Hills-Smith's.

The worst complications arise in biographies which are only partly written by the subject or his family. In such cases, it is not only the biographer's duty to know what would happen in a critical book which would, say, between seven and ten thousand words from T. S. Eliot without permission or payment of fees.

VINCENT BROMF.
45 Great Ormond Street, London, W.C.1.

Sir—If Mr. David Holbrook (September 18) needs to quote as much as 10,000 words of an author's work he should not merely ask permission but expect to pay an agreed percentage of his royalties to the quoted author. Does he seek a return to such licence to plagiarise as is provided when Charles Reade published *The Eldest* in 1860?

What is "fair dealing" and what can be considered "a sufficient acknowledgment"? In the week of Mr. Holbrook's letter the B.B.C. broadcast nearly an hour's programme describing the life of Walter Savage Landor. My name was mentioned three times as "Landor's biographer", the name of Professor R. S. S. was twice mentioned as "Landor's American biographer". The titles of our books nor the names of the books' publishers were mentioned. The *Radio Times* described the programme as "written and compiled by Felix Felton and Susan Ashmore", but I feel sure the compiler would acknowledge that they compiled the programme from the biographies written by John Forster, Professor Super, and myself.

The B.B.C. is always careful to acknowledge that "John Smith broadcasts by permission of Ostrich Wols" or that "John Smith is appearing in *Bubbles* at the London Theatre". Why are they so much more punctilious to actions than to authors? Is it because authors lack such an effectively militant trade union as the actors' Equity?

MALCOLM ELWIN,
Sedgebanks, Pulborough Sands,
Brampton, Devon.

T. E. Lawrence and the British Museum

Sir—In your issue of October 2 you reviewed a new book about the life of T. E. Lawrence entitled *The Secret Lives of Lawrence of Arabia* by Philip Knightley and Colin Simpson. The book pro-

'The Dancers Inherit The Party'

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T. E. Lawrence and the British Museum

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Henry James on Stage

Sir—On September 11 Commentary carried an account of *The Spoils of Poynton*, the play which had been so altered by its director, Basil Ashmore, that the author, Robert Mansel Myers, had tried to cancel its London opening. The account in Commentary is definitive; it requires no correction and no amplification. Mr. Ashmore has never-theless attempted a reply, printed in the *TLS* of October 9.

A few facts are worth repeating: Mr. Ashmore freely undertook to direct a three-act play of standard length; the author was excluded from rehearsal; Mr. Ashmore altered virtually every page of the manuscript, cutting, adding and rearranging at libitum, without the author's knowledge or consent, despite the terms of the author's contract; and finally, when called to account for conduct which in the words of the *TLS* "surely defies justification", he defended the play which he had initially found "excellent" and which four days prior to the dress rehearsal, he had pronounced a "brilliant version" of Henry James.

Mr. Ashmore concludes his letter by saying that he is "a director who believes (unlike many others) that my sole aim is to serve the writer and to stage his work in his own style". He considers that "the true author of the play" was directing was Henry James, and the interests of dead authors above all should be protected wherever possible. But surely the interests of living authors also merit consideration. And here, I think, is the central issue: the artist's right to preserve the integrity of his own work. In the words of Professor Richard H. Hovey, whose views on the episode appear in a letter published in the *Washington Post* of September 21, "If a person is capable of creating a work of art, if he is willing to stake his reputation on it, and if he is ready to accept all responsibility for it—then he has earned the right to present his conception to the public intact."

ROBERT MANSER MYERS,
Washington, D.C., U.S.A.

'Famous Regiments'

Sir—I was grateful to see reviewed last week in the *TLS* (October 9) four of the titles in the "Famous Regiments" series, *The Highland Light Infantry*, *The Strathgordon Regiment*, *The Scots Guards* and *The Ulster Regiment*, which were published recently under my imprint.

I was disturbed, however, to read that these books had been credited to Messrs. Hamish Hamilton. As I have been making a great effort to impress upon the book trade and the public the fact that this series has changed from the Hamish Hamilton imprint to my own, I would naturally be grateful if it were possible to print this letter by way of a correction, as this mistaken attribution can only lead to confusion.

Leo Cooper Ltd., 47 Museum Street, London, W.C.1.
We much regret the wrong attribution.

Christa Wolf

Sir—I do not doubt that you have received several letters concerning the review of *Christa Wolf's Novels* by *Christa Wolf* (July 24), but in one you haven't, I believe, some enlightenment concerning the background of this novel is necessary.

Christa Wolf was a member of the East German Communist Party Congress. She was a quite active party member and dedicated to the cause of the German Democratic Republic. In addition to this, her modest fame as a writer had spread beyond the guarded borders of the so-called D.D.R. However, during the past winter, when her novel was released for reading by publishers (and naturally first for approval by the political censor), she had public second thoughts. In a letter to the *Daily Telegraph* on July 15, 1969, she wrote:

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